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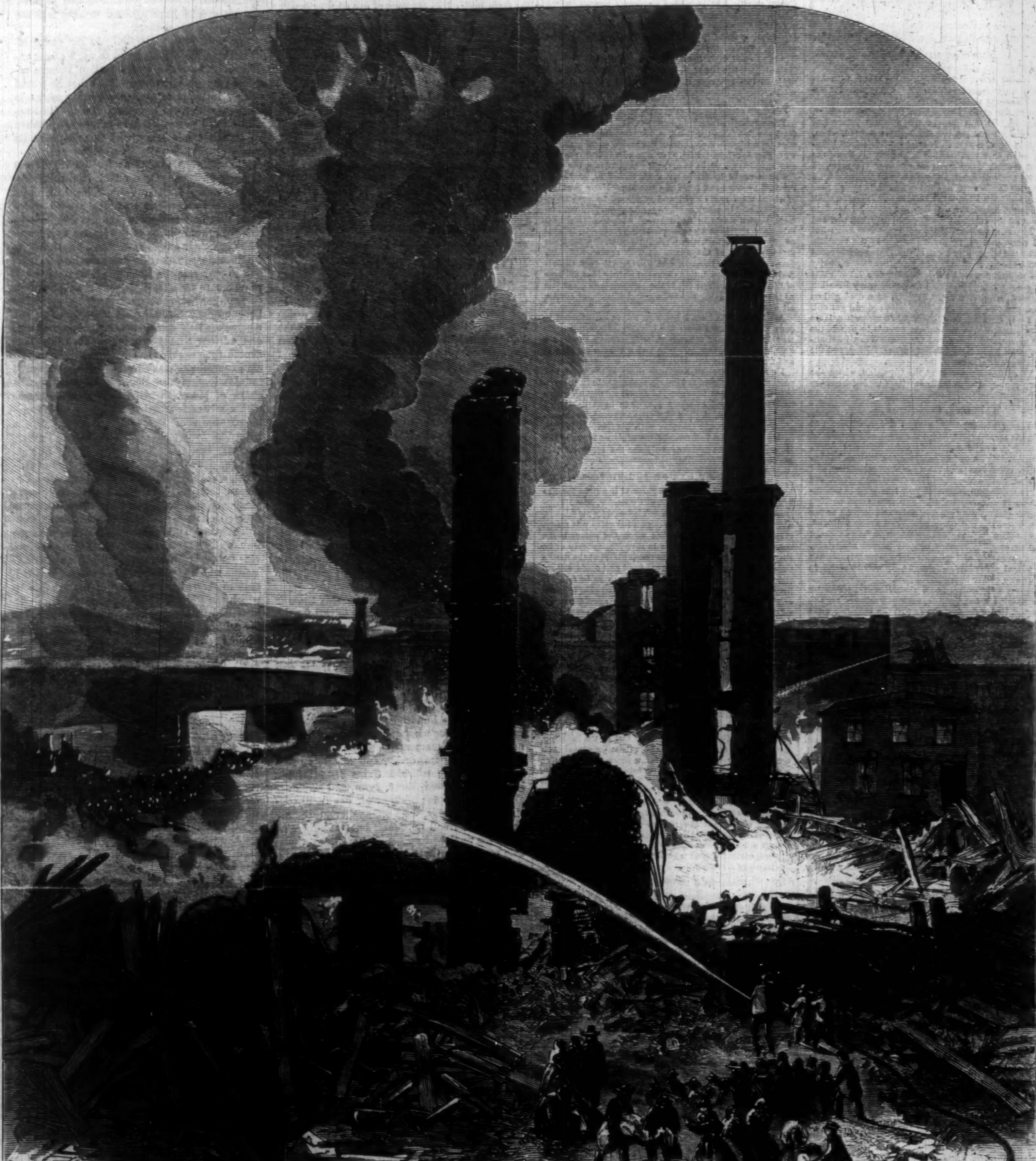


RUINS OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS, AT LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, THE MORNING AFTER THE FALL.—[From a Photograph by Whipple, of Boston.]

THE DISASTER AT LAWRENCE.

ON the preceding page we give an effective picture of the ruin of the Pemberton Mill at Lawrence, Massachusetts, from a photograph by Whipple, of Boston.

The catastrophe which destroyed this mill is almost unparalleled in our history. On the afternoon of 10th inst., at about ten minutes before five o'clock, the Pemberton Mill, of Lawrence, fell in ruins to the ground. The mill was in full operation at the time, and the time of lighting up had just arrived. Nine hundred and sixty operatives were employed in the mill, but probably the whole number in the building at the time of the disaster was something less than nine hundred. Every one in Lawrence at once fell to work to endeavor to rescue the unfortunate beings who were crushed to death under the ruins, and up to a little after nine the labor proceeded encouragingly. At that hour, however, the ruins took fire, and further attempts at rescue became unavailing. At 12 o'clock all hopes of saving the lives of those in the building was given up in despair. Engines were still throwing water upon the fire in the morning, and an immense throng of people waited, spell bound, viewing the scene.

We make some extracts from the daily papers of New York and Boston, describing the incidents.

HOW THE MILL FELL.

John Ward, one of the operatives in the carding-room, in the second story, was miraculously saved, with his wife, who worked near him in the same room. He describes his escape as follows:

I was in the carding-room with the second overseer, lighting up. It was five or ten minutes before five o'clock, and we had got but few burners lighted, when, suddenly, I heard a noise. It sounded like a loud thundering crash over my head, and, looking up, I saw the shafting coming down upon us all over the room. I could not account for it, and was therefore terrified. I stood nailed to the spot, and did not seem to have power to move, although I knew the building was coming upon me. Then I heard the overseer shout, and I tried to jump out of the rubbish; but something struck me, and I was thrown senseless. I did not remain so long; but when I came to I found myself buried in the rubbish, and did not expect to get out alive. I was all covered over with blood from wounds in my face. I finally crawled up and got to the top, and found a lot of ruins hanging over me, which came near ending my life; but I succeeded in getting out. I passed by a dead girl on my way, and two other mangled bodies before I got out. When I was first knocked down I fell beneath a large grinding-stone, which was strong enough to uphold the weight above, and thus saved my life. When I fell under the stone I saw the walls over me all falling, and the floor giving way all around me.

Mr. Ward found his wife at the City Hall, where she had been conveyed after being extricated. Neither were much injured.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

One young woman, twenty years of age, who was at work in the second story, heard the crash of a portion of the building, and saw portions of it tumbling down. She immediately started in an opposite direction, but before she reached this point the walls were crumbling, and threatened instant death. Almost panic-stricken, she rushed to a side-door, and was just emerging to the entry, when it was crushed in. She recollected nothing more than getting through a window and leaping to the ground, where she was unconscious and much wounded. She was taken to her boarding-house, as was supposed in a dying condition. This happily proved a mistake. It was a paroxysm of fright. She recovered during the evening, and yesterday was sufficiently well to stand in the door-way of her boarding-house.

Another young woman, also about twenty, whom we conversed with at her bedside, narrowly escaped an awful death. Unapprised of the fall of the building until the terrible catastrophe itself came upon her, she was at work in the third story. She only knows that the whole flooring above her was precipitated upon that on which she stood, accompanied by a terrific noise. She was crushed beneath some machinery near which she was at work, her head being pressed against a beam, seeming, as she described it, as if her head would "split in two at every moment." Her limbs were forced in one direction, her arms in another. But one arm could be used at all. Every second the heavy weight appeared to be settling closer and closer upon her. She saw nothing but death awaiting her. Her feelings were those of the most agonizing nature. She said that she prayed God that she might be delivered from impending death. Hardly had she ceased uttering this prayer than the falling of a wall in a distant portion of the mill released her from the imminent peril about her. With a presence of mind that exhibited genuine heroism, she struggled amidst danger and death, and in time reached a point of safety. This was after being in the ruins for upward of an hour. She was, however, more injured than was at first supposed, as is evident from her inability not only not to leave her bed, but hardly turn her body. Her physician apprehends some internal injuries of a serious nature. She conversed with difficulty. Her condition was pitiable. She was intelligent and most interesting, and expresses a thankfulness for being saved from so terrible a death in a manner that is truly touching.

Miss Selina Weeks, of Dover, New Hampshire, a very intelligent and interesting young lady, about sixteen years of age, was at work in the spool room, in the uppermost story of the building, and described to us her escape in precise accordance with the theory stated above. Of a sudden she found the building shaking, as if it were sliding away, and woke to consciousness to find herself upon a pile of ruins in the yard. Most of her companions escaped likewise, and she was able to recapitulate them by name. She left Lawrence last evening for her New Hampshire home, in company with an elder sister, who had come to seek her in uncertainty of her fate.

As a witness from another part of the building, we mention Miss Anna Leach, with whom we also had an opportunity of conversing. She was working in the basement, heard the sudden crash, and got out at the window. Most of her companions likewise escaped. She had three sisters and a brother at work in the mill; they all escaped, one of the sisters being immured five hours in the ruins, but finally extricated without serious injury.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A LITTLE GIRL.

On Tuesday evening, before the fire broke out, while two thousand men were exerting every energy in rescuing the survivors from their living sepulchres, and the dead from the rubbish which buried them, a party came upon the body of a little girl. She lay apparently crushed beneath a ponderous block of iron, weighing over a thousand pounds, and which covered her body to her chin. Her back was pressed against a huge timber, one of her arms was thrust to the elbow through a ring in a piece of machinery, and she was completely wedged in by heavy iron gearing. Intent only on preserving her features and form as little disfigured as possible, the men labored carefully to remove the block of iron without crushing her still further. Four of them tugged upon it, but could not make it stir.

After they had made several ineffectual attempts a stalwart and athletic man, in passing, caught hold of it, and, with marvelous power, aided by the excitement which the scene produced upon him, he succeeded in loosening it. The other rubbish was then removed, and the body taken out, when, what was the surprise and joy of the men to find that they had rescued a living girl instead of a corpse; and more, that her injuries were not fatal, but comparatively trifling.

The heavy iron had met with some more powerful obstruction than her body, and her life was spared as if by a miracle. Had the pressure upon her body been but slightly increased, or had the least carelessness been allowed in extricating her, she would have been another added to the list of victims.

FEMALE HEROISM.

At one point, when a rope had been fixed to a projecting timber, a call was made to the crowd to take hold and pull with a will, but for a few minutes, such was the danger of the attempt—for the beam in falling might engulf all near it—for a few minutes, we say, the call was unheeded. Men shuddered and drew back—they would risk much to aid those below, but life was sweet, and the danger great. At this critical juncture a woman rushed from among the crowd, and daring the spectators to follow, seized the rope and attempted to mount the pile of smouldering ruins to clear away with her hands. The example was enough; not a word was said, but strong hands at once drew her back, and then there were no lack of hands to the rope, the beam was drawn out, and at least two sufferers released from the opening thus made.

VAIN ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE THE SUFFERERS.

From nearly every hole and crevice in the vast pile, from the top, from the sides, and in fact from every fissure from whence a voice from the inside could make its way, came shrieks for help, groans of anguish, prayers and moanings, and in many, very many cases, the poor sufferers could be distinctly seen, talked to, and even reached by the hand from the outside. Many thus imprisoned were encouraged and sustained by assurances of safety, and in many cases cups of coffee could be, and were, passed down to those below, who, alas! after all this near approach to safety, saw hour after hour pass away, until, at last, the frightful cry of fire, and the greedy licking of the flames as they approached with fearful rapidity, crackling and hissing all over the remains on the ground, told them too plainly that all hope of life was gone. The fall of the building took place just as the mill was being lighted up, and outside, of course, all was dark.

A citizen, who risked his own life in an attempt to save the operatives from the burning pile, worked his way into an inner apartment, and, looking through a hole in the wall, saw two men and a woman walking to and fro apparently entirely unhurt.

He reached through, and took them by the hand, and proceeded with vigorous blows to make a hole in the partition. A moment too soon the flames sprung up where he stood. A flood of water poured in upon it blinded him, and he rushed from the place, warned by the engineer, and narrowly escaping with his life. It is feared that many who had escaped the bruising blows of the falling mass were reserved only for the more terrible death by fire.

SUICIDE OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

Among the sufferers in the ruins at the time the fire broke out was Maurice Palmer, of Rochester, New Hampshire, an overseer. He was much beloved by his friends, and while the digging was going on his voice was recognized. He was nearly reached when the flames broke out. He implored his friends to save him quickly or he should die. They struggled to reach him, but the flames swept around them. He was confined and could not resist them. As the heat of the fire began to be felt, his horrible death seemed inevitable. He was able to move one hand and draw his knife, saying he should commit suicide rather than burn to death. His rescuers pressed on, but his hope of aid gave out, and he drew the knife across his throat. Soon after they succeeded in removing him, and his self-inflicted wound was found not to be dangerous, but he had suffered severe internal injuries which rendered his recovery impossible. He was taken to the City Hall, but expired shortly after from the effects of the injuries received by his fall, and his sufferings while immured within the fallen walls.

HOW THE FIRE BROKE OUT.

At the time above mentioned a party of six or eight persons were discovered at the east end of the building, but the beams and machinery above them prevented their escape. They called loudly for a light, and a lantern was lowered to them, which unfortunately broke while being passed down, and, most horrible to relate, the lamp, still lighted, fell upon the floor of the pit, on which was strewed loose cotton, which, being somewhat impregnated with oil, was instantly in a blaze. Another account states that the parties were passing coffee to those who were beneath the ruins, and that a fluid lamp within a lantern was upset, the contents of which took fire and communicated with the combustible mass which lay in every direction.

HORRIBLE SIGHTS AND SCENES.

The sights and scenes afterward were frightful. One poor girl, alive and fully conscious, was dragged from the east end of the fallen mass, with her left arm torn from the socket, and her body and legs awfully mangled. She was taken by her friends, but could not have survived long. In one place the bodies of three girls were found locked in each other's arms, but quite dead. They could not be removed without mangling the bodies, and, being abandoned for a time, the flames broke out before another attempt was made, and all three perished.

One Irishman was taken out quite unhurt, and his first act was to feel in his pocket, from whence he drew forth a sooty "du deen," and seizing a brand from the fire, he lit his pipe and went his way.

Next from the ruins we saw the dead body of a lad, and following him was borne a girl with one of her ankles burned to a crisp. She had been confined by one foot between two beams, and only by the utmost exertion was she recovered. She was also taken home by her friends.

A young girl was released just before the flames burst forth, and in answer to a question stated that she was unhurt. It afterward appeared that her right arm was badly broken near the wrist, but, in the excitement of the moment and in the joy of deliverance from a dreadful death, she had not noticed the hurt.

One woman was found with her head jammed between two heavy beams, and pressed so that it was not thicker than the thickness of a hand. It was a sickening sight.

One young girl, whose name we have but do not publish, was confined in a narrow hole surrounded by broken machinery and ragged timber and boards, succeeded in crushing out into the open air, but when she emerged from the ruins she had scarcely an article of clothing on her person.

One reporter is told by a gentleman, who was early on the spot, that at one point of the ruins he distinguished a female voice crying in distress, and soon another voice answered, "Is that you, Lizzie? Are you hurt?" The reply was a smothered groan, and an appeal to God's mercy in her behalf. Both these girls were afterward rescued.

WAS THE BUILDING SAFE?

On the inquest now being held, Jesse Glover, overseer of repairs testified: I thought the building was weak and that the walls were weak, but apprehended no trouble; the windows in the walls were very large; I have never strengthened the foundation of the building; I heard at one time that a pillar had settled to such an extent as to require repairs; always regarded the building as weak; the crack that I saw in the southwest corner of the building was not very large; there was a crack at the corner of the building, running all the way up and down, near the chimney; should think that the crack at the top of the building was half an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch at the bottom.

John B. Tuttle, brick mason, testified that he put up the brick-work for the mill; when the timbers for the upper stories came they were too short, and we were ordered to put projectors upon the walls to rest the timbers upon; I expressed my opinion at the time, and many times afterward, and have never changed it, that the walls were too weak for such a building; I told Mr. Bigelow so when we were building it; I told Mr. Putnam, one of the owners, so in Boston; I told many others the same thing; I do not know of any other large mill with walls so weak as the Pemberton, and I never want to hear of one; the building was much cut up with windows, which weakened it.

NUMBER OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The following dispatch is from D. Saunders, Jun., Mayor of Lawrence:

LAWRENCE, *January* 11, 1860.

Terrible as our calamity is, I think it is much overestimated in the number of killed. As near as I have been able to ascertain this morning, I find dead and missing (what is equivalent to dead) 115, and 165 wounded. Some of the wounded will die, but very much the largest number will survive.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

THE SLAUGHTER AT LAWRENCE.

SOCIETY is unanimous in its verdict on the terrible disaster at Lawrence; every one denounces the builder and proprietors of the Pemberton Mills. It may be, of course, that the information on which this opinion is based is erroneous. There may be exaggeration in the stories which are circulated with regard to the insecurity of the building and the warnings given to its owners. If so, the parties in interest will naturally clear their skirts as speedily as possible. Meanwhile it is asserted, without substantial contradiction, that the Pemberton Mills were regarded from the first as an unsafe and unstable edifice; that, some years since, extraordinary measures were required to keep the walls together; and that experienced builders had long prophesied their downfall. If the evidence bears out these assertions a responsibility at which all good men will shudder weighs on the proprietors of those mills; they are, in fact, before God and man, guilty of the deaths of some two hundred innocent creatures.

If the disaster had occurred in this State it would have been waste of words to call for the punishment of the negligent authors of the massacre, however clearly the responsibility might have been brought home to them. In the State of New York justice is so feebly and inefficiently administered, that it is very difficult to secure the punishment of a murderer who stabs his victim in Broadway, in daylight, in presence of a hundred witnesses: as to legal responsibility for wholesale massacres, there is none at all. Steamers go to sea ill-manned, ill-equipped, unseaworthy, and disasters occur in consequence; railroad trains cross bridges known to be rotten, break down, and slaughter a score of people; fires break out in ill-constructed buildings, and human creatures are crushed or burned to death; but not only is no one ever punished on account of those wholesale massacres, there is actually no serious inquiry ever made into the subject. Public indignation finds a harmless vent in a few fiery leading articles in the papers, and then all is forgotten.

We shall now see whether they order things as badly in Massachusetts. In some respects the Bostonians have always managed better than we of New York; their municipal government has always been superior to ours; and we rather think that, on the whole, their administration of justice has generally been sounder and more thorough. This disaster will test the question. If no inquiry, or a mere idle one, follows the Lawrence massacre, it will be safe to conclude that Massachusetts is fairly on a par with New York.

The subject is of interest to us, because we have reason to believe that the recent similar accident in Broad Street is likely to occur again in other places before long. A large proportion of the down-town stores, as we are informed, are being used for the storage of heavy goods, and not having been built solidly enough for such service, are liable to come down any day. We are informed by an eminent builder that there is hardly a street in the lower part of the city in which he can not point out a score or more of buildings in which no man's life is safe for an hour. Our informant adds, that he never takes up a paper in the morning without expecting to hear of the fall of one or more great buildings. Of course, his views are no secret. They are well known to the owners of the unsafe buildings. They nevertheless draw their rents calmly, and trust to Providence; failing which, they console themselves with the reflection that, though the murder of a single man occasionally leads to unpleasant consequences, the wholesale massacre of a score of people is sure to go unpunished.

NAPOLEON'S SCHEME FOR ITALY.

WE are sorry that our space will not permit us to reproduce entire the pamphlet which has just been issued on the Italian question by M. de la Guerroniére, and which is ascribed, doubtless with good reason, to the Emperor of the French. For the views presented in that pamphlet are so practical and statesmanlike, and Napoleon's policy, foreshadowed thereon, is so high-minded, and so consonant with the opinions heretofore expressed in this journal, that we should have rejoiced to have laid the whole before our readers.

The plan is very simple. At the peace of Villafranca Napoleon agreed to use his best endeavors to have the exiled Italian Princes restored; but he likewise declared that he would neither interfere himself nor permit others to interfere with arms to restore them. He likewise agreed to use his best efforts to establish an Italian Confederacy with the Pope at its head.

The time has now come for the fulfillment of these pledges. On the 20th inst. the European Congress meets at Paris. Napoleon meets his brother sovereigns with the candid statement that he has tried to induce the Tuscans and the other citizens of the Italian duchies to take back their exiled sovereigns, but that they will not do so; that he has likewise tried his best to persuade the Romagna (Papal territory) to return to its allegiance, but that it will not do so; that he has advised the Pope to reform his administration, but that he will not do so: whereupon he reverts to his original programme, and advises that the duchies be allowed to choose their own rulers independently of foreign control; that the Romagna be pronounced independent of the Pope; that the Pope be shorn of his political power, invested merely with a sort of patriarchal mayoralty of the municipal town of Rome, and provided with a handsome revenue by contributions from France, Austria, Spain, Portugal, and Italy; in fine, that the Italian Confederation be duly constituted, and recognized as a member of the European family. We submit that Napoleon's pledges could not have been more fairly redeemed.

There are still enormous difficulties in the way of the Napoleonic project. It does not provide for any reform in the Neapolitan Government—which is as bad as the Pope's. Nor is it easy to foresee the working of the scheme by which the Pope becomes a patriarch, with subjects and without power; with an empire, and yet without recognition as a potentate; independent, and yet supported by foreign subsidies; a paternal ruler, and yet an irresponsible despot. There are here anomalies which, to Anglo-Saxons, accustomed to the practical working of governments, must seem very formidable. And the greatest anomaly of all is that the views of the Roman people on the subject remain a mystery. At present it is well known that nothing but the French garrison prevents the Romans from rising, driving out the Pope, and establishing a republic. Will they be any better satisfied with Papal dominion when they see their late fellow-subjects in the Romagna thriving under an independent democracy?

Still it could not have been expected that, after centuries of abuses, misgovernment, and foreign domination, Italy would be regenerated and set on her legs all at once. The law is that, to cure evils of long standing, the application of remedies must be persevering, and their operation gradual. If Napoleon succeeds in sweeping away Austrian domination in Italy, and giving all Northern Italy and the Romagna a chance of good government and progressive civilization, he will have deserved well of humanity. The rest will come by-and-by.

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION, now in its sixth year of successful progress, has done much to disseminate a taste for pure art among our people. For the small sum of three dollars, subscribers to the association receive a copy of the *Art Journal* (quarterly) for one year—each number containing at least one steel plate illustration, besides interesting matter—a season ticket of admission to the Dusseldorf Gallery, one of the finest collections of paintings in the United States, and a copy of the association's large annual engraving. The subject of the engraving for this year is "Shakspeare and his Friends," and the execution is worthy of the fine subject. Its size is 30×38 inches, and its price, if bought in a print store, would not, probably, be less than double the subscription price.

The subscription year closes on the 31st of January, at which time several hundred valuable works of art will be divided among the subscribers of the year. Subscriptions, it may be well to add, are received until the last day of the month.

THE LOUNGER.

NUDITY IN ART.

THE drollest of all art-criticisms was lately made *apropos* of Palmer's White Captive. It was to the effect that, as the Greeks were sensuous in their religion, they properly carved nude statues, but that the spirituality of the Christian idea was expressed by drapery.

Translated into other words, this is merely to say that the soul is more adequately manifested in the handiwork of tailors than in the divine drapery of flesh and blood. From the point of view of decency, it is like the improvement of trowsers and swaddling-clothes which the Pope ordered to be placed upon the figures in Michael Angelo's Last Judgment.

This whole question is periodically agitated, but it is really very simple. If the human figure be properly the subject of sculpture, it must be the human figure as God made it, and not as fashion clothes it. But as men habitually wear clothes, historic personages are properly represented in the garments they wore; and, for the same reason, when the motive of the sculpture is not individual but representative or symbolical, as in the Greek, or individual, but not personal, as in the White Captive, then it is the human form itself which is the subject of the artist, and the means by which his intention is expressed. A portrait is the representation of a man as he was known to others. Hence we must have Julius Cæsar in a toga, and Washington in Continental regimentals. But the Venus is not a portrait—the Gladiator is not a portrait; neither is the Greek Slave, nor the White Captive. And when, as in the latter case, the supposed circumstances require nudity, the question is finally settled.

That modesty is a spiritual and not a material grace is so true that Catherine of Russia clad in pelisses a mile thick is not decent; and, on the other hand, if all Coventry had been a "Peeping Tom," would the deed of the Lady Godiva have been less glorious? A work is justly charged with indecency only when the evident intention and the inevitable influence are prurient. But this is the case neither in Page's Venus nor in Palmer's White Captive.

THACKERAY'S NEW MAGAZINE.

PERIODICAL literature in England has just been the subject of a remarkable revolution. John Bull means to try cheap papers and magazines. He has seen with astonishment the success of popular weeklies and monthlies in America and of the cheapest literary papers at home, and he has made up his mind to try the experiment whether the most famous English authors can not command an audience so large that their periodical labors may be sold as cheaply as any.

Dickens's *Household Words* had demonstrated this, but publishers and authors still held aloof, and the old English Magazines were as dull and untimely as the fertile English mind could produce; until within a few months the quarrel between Mr. Dickens and his old publishers seems to have stirred the long stagnant waters. With the disappearance of *Household Words* all the old craft went down, and with the birth of *All the Year Round* a new era in English literature appears.

Once a Week ends its first volume of twenty-six numbers with the issue of the 24th of December. Mr. Thackeray was announced as one of its contributors, but he does not seem to have written any thing for it. The proprietors state that its commercial success is fairly established, and promise constant improvements; among others, a new novel by a famous hand, which is now in the hands of the designers. The *Cornhill Magazine*, with Field-Marshal Thackeray in command, takes the field with the beginning of the year; and the General has evidently put on all his armor, burnished for the occasion. He begins a new story in the most Thackeray vein, "Lovel the Widower"—a tale of contemporary English life and society. It opens with a disquisition on "Muffs," in which the sharp, shining touch of the historian of "Snobs" is perfectly evident; and he has also a first editorial article, "The Roundabout Papers," in which he treats of novel-reading with all his bantering, satiric zest. In these papers he will have ample scope for the display of that genial, kindly sympathy with men and things which appears so pleasantly in the prospectus, and which is the humane undertone and key note of his genius. Of course he has a desperate battle for public favor to fight with his illustrious contemporary Dickens; but Thackeray has a peculiarly Magazinish talent, and he is clearly fairly aroused.

For the readers of *Harper's Weekly* and *Magazine* it is a good thing to know that the proprietors have made such arrangements that they can place the choicer parts of all the new English periodicals at the earliest moment, and, in particular instances, like the novels, from advance sheets, before their readers. Thus in the next number of the *Magazine* the new tale of "Lovel the Widower" will be commenced, with the illustrations. Mr. Anthony Trollope also contributes a story; Mr. Wilkie Collins is already deep in his "Woman in White;" Mr. Tom Hughes, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is writing a serial sequel to "Tom Brown's School-days;" and the supply of novels is not likely to fall short. Meanwhile Tennyson is to be paid $50 a line for his new poem, and all Bohemia is making hay while the sun shines. Eighty thousand copies are to be printed of the new *Cornhill*. That is not like the hundred and fifty of *Harper*, but it is a good beginning. Never before were readers and writers so active and so fortunate.

NAPOLEON'S LAST MOVE.

THE Emperor has taken another step in the solution of the Italian Question, and a very important one. Mrs. Browning will have more faith than ever. For certainly he has touched the gravest difficulty in the peninsula, the temporal position of the Pope. In fact, so far as Louis Napoleon is concerned, *ma mission* seems to consist in unsettling the settlement of Europe so carefully made after Waterloo, which to every thoughtful mind has always seemed an arrangement of the most temporary kind.

The little pamphlet which our daily papers have reproduced is written in the grandiloquent, epigrammatic French style, but it embraces the substance of the whole matter. The Pope must be temporally independent. But he can not be so if some of the great powers must hold his states together. France will not do it, Austria shall not, and Naples can not. The only practicable thing, therefore, is to have a subscription among all the great Catholic States, pay the Holy Father a liberal allowance, and let him live at Rome with the charge of the inhabitants. Then he depends upon nobody, and, in case of trouble, the allied powers will enforce quiet.

This is simple, and certainly very pertinent to the present juncture; but the question, of course, presents itself, Who will want to live in the city of Rome under an exclusively priestly Government, when they can get rid of it by moving a few miles away? Only those will stay who can't get off; and they will be almost the most pitiable of civilized populations.

Yet, with the state of things hinted in this plan, the Pope might still be "Honorary President" of the Italian League. The stork is not so bad a king after all, if you only cut off his bill. He can't pick up the frogs with his legs; and though his throat is as capacious as ever, he has nothing to swallow. It is surely not very difficult now to see the connection between M. Guerronière's pamphlet and M. About's book. The latter treated the question popularly, to make public opinion. The former appeals soberly to the grave political wisdom of Europe, which will be governed by the pressure of that opinion. For in nothing is political progress more marked than in the fact that the most powerful king in Europe always assures himself of public sentiment before he acts.

This proposition is certainly a large entry to the credit of Louis Napoleon in the Ledger of History. That it is all to his own advantage is very true; but if an emperor does a good thing, why should he not have the praise of it as well as another man? Certainly it is beginning to appear that he is adjusting the condition of Europe with as little disturbance as we could hope to see it done. He does not, indeed, inspire confidence in advance; but he earns a great deal of just commendation as he proceeds.

AFTER THE FAIR.

AND yet good books never come too late. Even when they are meant for the holidays they suit other days also. The times of the mere "Annual" having gone by, and taste, talent, learning, genius, and mechanical skill having now combined, the results are such as are good from year to year, and at all times of the year.

While the Lounger has been sauntering about staring in at many windows in many towns and cities, going in to many shops and leaning upon many counters, overcome and powerless with the sense of multitudinous preparation—as powerless in the mere prospect of holiday satisfaction as a good healthy boy in the mere reminiscence of the pudding of which he consumed so much too much—during all this time his own treasures have been increasing by the thoughtfulness of friends, and as he turns his eye to his own table, lo! it is piled beyond hope of enumeration.

Chiefly with good books and beautiful books, fruits of so many inventive brains as to the matter, and of so many tasteful hands as to the manner. The wonderful book of Tyl Owlglass, a sort of old German Rabelais in quaint meaning, and of Gil Blas in humorous adventure—the wild romance of Bettine's correspondence with Goethe—the Life of the Dr. Arnold of Rugby, whom Tom Brown loved and honored—a fresh volume of Kingsley's Miscellanies, various, picturesque, clever, and of a muscular Christianity—Wordsworth's Poems, in one large, legible volume—the neat conceit of Mother Goose, for the older children, called men and women—the beautiful volume of White Mountain scenery and legend, of which the Lounger will steal another moment to say something—and the ever fresh, exquisitely illustrated book of English and American Poets of the Nineteenth Century—with a cloud of charming volumes, large and small, for children—are they not all mutely appealing for a word of recognition?—messengers and missionaries of enjoyment and instruction to so many happy friends and firesides all over the land.

Even in New England, where the old Puritan spirit severely reigns, substantially in tradition and partially in fact—in the land of pies and Thanksgiving—the Lounger has actually heard the warmest whispers of welcome to the genial Christmas time. They are closing the shops gradually on this hallowed day. They are erecting and decorating Christmas trees. Santa Claus has found a passage open in all those generous chimneys of the old time, and at the fireside stockings as open as the chimneys. There was even one brave man who said, "It seems to me Christmas is slowly *displacing Thanksgiving!* At least, it is as much a holiday!"

So let it be every where—not upon the ruins of the old New England festival, but by its side. As the winter days come in, and poverty pinches, multiply the festivals which, by opening the heart, open also the pocket and the mind, to give relief to present necessity, and to devise systematic and permanent relief to suffering. Perhaps we should be better men and women if we had more holidays—certainly we should be so if they were in good faith holy-days. The spring is our dry season of festivals. But there is hope that Easter may gradually grow into a universally honored day; and that the bells which ring at "the merry, merry time of Yule" may blend their music with the early chimes of spring, the symbolical new birth of the year.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SILLY SONGS FOR SABLE SINGERS.

No. 1.

WHEN first I lib wid Massa Prue,
Miss Dinah swep de kitchen:
Her cheeks were black, her eyes were blue,
O Gosh! she was bewitching!

Chorus.

Lubly Dinah! de belle ob Carolina!
Red-nosed 'possums, ring-tailed 'coons,
All in lub wid Dinah!

Dis nigger see her as she sat
A churning ob de butter:
She make my heart go pit a pat,
And all dat I could utter
Was—Lubly Dinah! etc.

I flop down plump upon my knees,
Though in my Sunday trowsers,
And den I try my lub to please,
By breedin' tender vows, Sirs.
Lubly Dinah! etc.

Miss Dinah said she'd marry me,
So Massa found de shiners;
Now in my cabin you may see
Two Sambos and two Dinahs!

Chorus.

And they're all like Dinah! de belle ob Carolina!
Black-nosed blue flies, ring-tailed 'coons,
All in lub wid Dinah!

No. 2.

Of all the gals in New Orleens,
There's none like Sally Carter;
She's full of wit, she's full of beans,
She's Uncle Pumpkin's darter!
She's got two eyes, she's got a nose,
She's got a mouth thereunder,
She's got two feet, she's got ten toes,
Oh, isn't she a wonder!

Chorus.

Yah! yo! Sally! Guess I knows your valley!
There ain't a hoss
Like Cousin Josh,
To tell the worth of Sally!

Sal can bake, and Sal can brew,
Down in Louisiana,
She can make a pudden too,
And play on the pianner!
Sal's the gal for apple squash,
Sal's the gal for dumpling;
Oh! ain't she fond of Cousin Josh,
Her crinnylean a crumpling!

Chorus.

Yah! yo! Sally! Guess I knows your valley!
There ain't a hoss
Like Cousin Josh,
To wed a gal like Sally!

No. 3.

When I lib in Ole Virginny,
I was no piccaninny;
I lub well a yaller gal,
Although her eyes wer squinny!

Chorus.

Corn cake corn!
Sukey's all forlorn;
Cake corn cake!
Sambo's heart will break.

Dat yaller gal she whisper me,
"Oh, Sam, I want to married be!"
Yup! yup! I said, de sky am red,
And so you can't be mar-ri-ed!
Chorus. Corn cake corn! etc.

Another twelvemonth passed and gone,
Dat gal and I sit all alone,
Yup! yup! I said, your eyes am red,
Oh, Golly! we'll get mar-ri-ed!

Chorus.

Corn cake corn,
Suke's no more forlorn!
Cake corn cake,
Sambo's heart won't break!

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the frost like a hotel boots?—Because it changes one's shoes into slippers.

Why is a cat on its hind legs like the great Fall of Niagara?—Because it is a cat-erect.

What is the difference between Handel and the grinder of a barrel-organ?—The one was a composer, the other is a discomposer.

Why are men-haters like mice in the West Indies?—Because they are mice-an'-tropical.

If a pretty poulteress marries a pill-monger, why may she be said to make a bad bargain of it?—Because she lets him have a "duck," and gets nothing but a quack in return.

MORAL MAXIMS.

Never put off till to-morrow the man whom you can do to-day.

Business first and pleasure afterward. Get your loan from the usurer before you treat yourself with kicking him.

My son, delays are dangerous—especially with widows.

Patience is a virtue. When your wife wants a new shawl suffer her to wait for it.

Fools put their names to bills, and wise men make a living by them.

Exchange is no robbery. If you go out to a party put your oldest hat on.

A FAIR WARNING.—The man who gives a joke should be prepared to take one; and so it is with testimonials, which have become such a complete joke nowadays that we should advise the reader, if he is sensible, to have nothing to do with them. He who, in a moment of weakness, gives any thing toward a testimonial, exposes himself to the danger of being compelled some day to take one himself. Such mutual homage only ends in general contempt.

PRACTICAL WISDOM.—Whenever you see exposed for sale any article that strikes your fancy, buy it if you can afford it, whether you want it or not. If you wait till you actually want a certain thing, you will find that the exact thing you want is not to be found. You will search in vain at a hundred clothes-shops for the particular kind of trowsers that you once saw in a window.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYMES.

SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

Catchee Captain Walker,
Bummy bummy bail,
Tap him on the shoulder,
Take him off to jail.

LAWYER.

Little Roguey-pogey,
File his little bill,
Take his little 'davy,
Make his little will.

PARSON.

Preachee, preachee, preachee,
Not too long, beseech 'ee;
Wear a white tie,
And make 'em all cry,
Preachee, preachee, preachee.

BUTCHER.

Little boy blue, come take your steel,
Sharpen your knife to cut up your veal;
Dicky's a man, and so don't cry
Any thing else but "Buy, buy, buy!"

COSTERMONGER.

Bless his little heart!
Draw his little cart;
Here's his carrots, turnips, peas, and beans,
Sparrow-grass and kail,
Artichokes for sale,
Cauliflowers, cabbages, and greens.

RAILWAY DIRECTOR.

Hushaby, baby, asleep in the train,
When we spare wages, so much we gain,
When we're ill served, collisions befall,
And smash go carriages, baby, and all.

USURER.

Cock-a-doodle-due!
Daddy bill renew;
The money was lent
At sixty per cent.
Isn't papa a screw?

TAX-COLLECTOR.

Great A, scheddledums A, B, C,
And come down upon him with scheddledy D,
"What a hole in my income you've made!" says he.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

Baby wantee seatums?
Don't 'ee scratch and beatums!
The Man in the Moon
Will come down soon,
And bribe, corrupt, and treatums.

TAILOR.

Goosey, goosey, gaby,
Where's little baby?
Bend pins,
Cross shins,
Then he'll in the way be.

MEDICAL MAN.

Count up his pulse, pulse, pulse,
Roll up his pill, pill, pill;
Mix up his dose, dose, dose,
Make up his bill, bill, bill.

IMPORTANT TO NEXT OF KIN.—When a man intends to marry a widow, his friends, if they can not prove him a lunatic, should, if possible, take care that he settles very little of his property on the lady of his choice; for the obvious reason, that a second-hand wife ought to be cheap, since her new husband can hardly expect to be dear.

MONOTONY.—The Austrians are so tired of a paper currency that they are anxious for any thing by way of change.

EXTREME POLITENESS.—*Pickpocket to Policeman:* "I say, your handkerchief is hanging out. You'll have your pocket picked if you don't take care."

REASONS WHY I WEAR CRINOLINE.

Extorted from MISS BUSSELTON, *by one who owns himself a Brute.*

1. Because it's quite the *thing* to wear it.
2. Because you know *every body* has got to wear it now.
3. Because it sets one off so.
4. Because gentlemen admire it so. (Oh, yes, they may *say* they don't, but I know quite well they *do.*)
5. Because—well, you know one doesn't *always* want to have one's ankles criticised.
6. Because—well, now I'm sure it's very *tiresome* in you to keep on questioning me so, and I've really a good mind not to say another word to you.
7. Because—Oh, you really want to know my *real* reason, do you? Well, then, *Mr. Curious*, I wear Crinoline because I *like* it, Sir. And I don't care whether you do.

Does an impatient noble resemble hashed bullock's heart?—No! Because the longer he is kept waiting, the hotter he gets.

GOLDEN ADVICE.—Persons about to marry should look to their finances before they take their fatal leap. With fathers of small means and increasingly large families, it is generally easier to find appetites than dinners. A bridal often tends to saddle a man with debts; and unless he makes a bolt of it, he may find himself ere long without a bit in his mouth.

ECONOMY IN DRESS.—Never buy embroidered braces that are dearer than plain ones. 'Tis blind vanity to sport invisible ornament.

LACONIC LOVE LETTERS.

DEAREST,—If that word is a mistake, throw this note in the fire. Excuse folly, result of last night's dance. Cab waiting 11.30; train starts at 12; back to-night. No answer sufficient reply to your rejected.—JOHN SHORT.

MISS SWEET is at a loss to express the embarrassment which she experienced on reading Mr. Short's note.

MY DEAREST LOUISA,—Received yours, and note the contents. In haste, yours, J. S.

DEAR MR. SHORT,—Things must, of course, depend upon circumstances.—L. S.

MY DEAREST LOVE.—£500 a year in the funds. £200 landed property. £600 mortgage at 4 per cent. Net profits of business, £800 per ann. At your feet.—J. S.

MY DEAR MR. SHORT,—Connections? Religious principles?—L. S.

BELOVED OBJECT,—Aristocratic. Orthodox. I adore Louisa.—J. S.

MY DEAR JOHN.—I own you have awakened an interest in my—what shall I say?—L. S.

MY ONLY LOVE.—Bosom.—J. S.

MY DEAREST JOHN.—What a goose you are!—L. S.

MY BEAUTIFUL BIRD.—But then you are a duck. So now we understand one another. Accept the inclosed photograph.—J. S.

INCONSTANT ONE!—I return it. You were seen last night in a private box at Covent Garden with Miss Jones. I am deceived—farewell. Think no more of—L. S.

FAITHLESS,—I have paid no attentions to Miss Jones like those I understand you received from Captain Brown. Distraction! Madness!—J. S.

JEALOUS!—I scorn Captain Brown. Torture! Cruel! Unkind!—L. S.

SILLY GIRL!—Miss Jones is a griffin. Bosh!—J. S.

DEAREST, DEAREST JOHN,—Can you forgive me?—L. S.

MY OWN ONE,—My Fond One. I believe you.—J. S.

MY HEART'S IDOL,—Say no more.—L. S.

MISTRESS OF MY SOUL,—Three words only. Name the day.—J. S.

MY LOVE, MY LIFE,—Whenever you like.—L. S.

MY PRECIOUS,—Say, Wednesday.—J. S.

MY TREASURE,—Very well. The sooner these things are settled the better. I'll see to every thing. Mind then, Wednesday, St. George's, Hanover Square, 11, sharp. Punctuality is the soul of marriage. *Au revoir* at the altar!—L. S.

MAXIMS BY A MISANTHROPE.

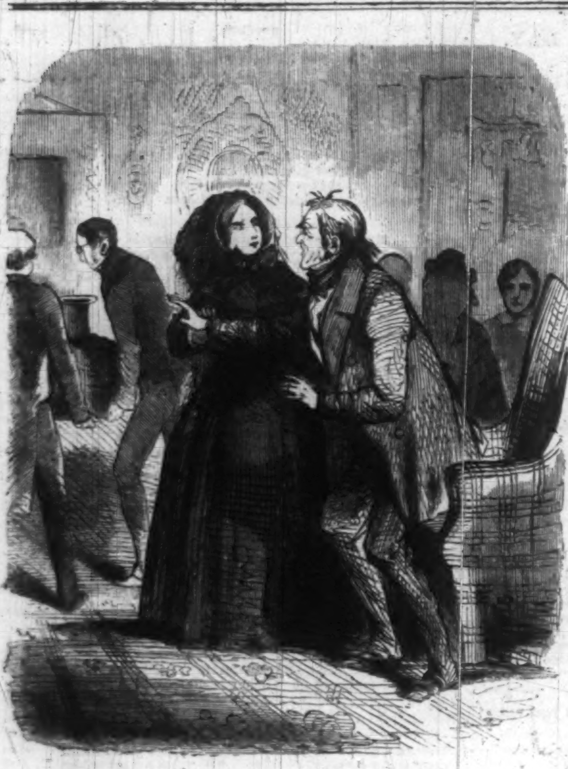
The last place in which I should look for the milk of human kindness is, The *pale* of civilization.

How to keep your friends.—Never ask any of them to do you a service.

The wooer's mood—the optative—*May.*

The wedded mood—the imperative—*Must.*

DIVORCE.—A Matrimonial Ticket-of-leave.



THE FUNERAL.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER C.

DUST TO DUST.

THE evening papers of the next day were full of the dreadful news. They said they were deeply shocked to announce that a disgrace had befallen the whole city in the crime which had mysteriously deprived his constituency and his country of the services of the young, talented, promising representative, whose opening career had seemed to be in every way so auspicious. By what foul play he had been made way with was a matter for the strictest legal investigation, and the honor of the country demanded that the perpetrators of such an atrocious tragedy should be brought to condign punishment.

The morning papers followed next day with fuller details of the awful event. Some of the more enterprising had diagrams of the shop, the blind, the large yellow barrels that held the liquor pure as imported, the bench, the counter, and the spot (marked O) where the officer had found the body. In parlors, in banks, in groceries and liquor-shops, in lawyers' rooms and insurance offices, the murder was the chief topic of conversation for a day. Then came the report of the inquest. The little liquor-seller was the only material witness. Some men he did not know (he swore to it) had been drinking in his shop. Another person whom he had never seen, respectably dressed, but evidently excited with liquor (he swore to it), came in, and after a little while there was a quarrel. He tried to stop it. He remembered his very words. He said, "Time to go home. Time to go home." But they would not stop. They began to fight. He was frightened and ran to the door. Then came the testimony of the watchmen—the finding the body—the calling the doctor.

Doctor James Greenwich was called. He testified that he was summoned about three o'clock in the morning, hurried out, and saw the body on the bench. Examined it carefully; but life was extinct. Nobody knew who it was, but he suggested looking at the handkerchief.

At this point the young Doctor's voice saddened. "I looked at it and saw a name which I knew. Then looking steadfastly at the face, I recognized a man whom I had once known as a school-boy. It was the body of Abel Newt."

There was no clew to the murderers. The eager, thirsty-eyed crowd of men and women and children, crushing and hanging about the shop, gradually loosened their gaze. The jury returned that the deceased Abel Newt came to his death by the hands of some person or persons unknown. The shop was closed, officers were left in charge, and the body was borne away.

General Belch was in his office reading the morning paper when Mr. William Condor entered. They shook hands. Upon the General's fat face there was an expression of horror and perplexity, but Mr. Condor was perfectly calm.

"What an awful thing!" said Belch, as the other sat down before the fire.

"Frightful," said Mr. Condor, placidly, as he lighted a cigar, "but not surprising."

"Who do you suppose did it?" asked the General.

"Impossible to tell. A drunken brawl, with its natural consequences; that's all."

"Yes, I know; but it's awful."

"Providential."

"What do you mean?"

"Abel Newt would have made mince-meat of you and me and the rest of us if he had lived. That's what I mean," replied Mr. Condor, unruffled and lightly whiffing the smoke. "But it's necessary to draw some resolutions to offer in the committee, and I've brought them with me. You know there's a special meeting called to take notice of this deplorable event, and you must present them. Shall I read them?"

"Yes, do."

Mr. Condor drew a piece of paper from his pocket, and, holding his cigar in one hand and whiffing at intervals, read:

"Whereas our late associate and friend, Abel Newt, has been suddenly removed from this world, in the prime of his life and the height of his usefulness, by the hand of an inscrutable but all-wise Providence, to whose behests we desire always to bow in humble resignation; and

"Whereas, it is eminently proper that those to whom great public trusts have been confided by their fellow-citizens should not pass away without some signal expression of the profound sense of bereavement which those fellow-citizens entertain; and

"Whereas we represent that portion of the community with whom the lamented deceased peculiarly sympathized; therefore be it resolved by the General Committee,

"*First*, That this melancholy event impressively teaches the solemn truth that in the midst of life we are in death;

"*Second*, That in the brilliant talents, the rare accomplishments, the deep sagacity, the unswerving allegiance to principle which characterized our dear departed brother and associate, we recognize the qualities which would have rendered the progress of his career as triumphant as its opening was auspicious;

"*Third*, That while we humble ourselves before the mysterious will of Heaven, which works not as man works, we tender our most respectful and profound sympathy to the afflicted relatives and friends of the deceased, to whom we fervently pray that his memory may be as a lamp to the feet;

"*Fourth*, That we will attend his funeral in a body; that we will wear crape upon the left arm for thirty days; and that a copy of these resolutions, signed by the officers of the Committee, shall be presented to his family."

"I think that'll do," said Mr. Condor, resuming his cigar, and laying the paper upon the table.

"Just the thing," said General Belch. "Just the thing. You know the Grant has passed and been approved?"

"Yes, so Ele wrote me," returned Mr. Condor.

"Condor," continued the General, "I've had enough of it. I'm going to back out. I'd rather sweep the streets."

General Belch spoke emphatically, and his friend turned toward him with a pleasant smile.

"Can you make so much in any other way?"

"Perhaps not. But I'd rather make less, and more comfortably."

"I find it perfectly comfortable," replied William Condor. "You take it too hard. You ought to manage it with less friction. The point is, to avoid friction. If you undertake to deal with men, you ought to understand just what they are."

Mr. Condor smoked serenely, and General Belch looked at his slim, clean figure, and his calm face, with curious admiration.

"By-the-by," said Condor, "when you introduce the resolutions, I shall second them with a few remarks."

And he did so. At the meeting of the Committee he rose and enforced them with a few impressive and pertinent words.

"Gratitude," he said, "is instinctive in the human breast. When a man does well, or promises well, it is natural to regard him with interest and affection. The fidelity of our departed brother is worthy of our most affectionate admiration and imitation. If you ask me whether he had faults, I answer that he was a man. Whoso is without sin, let him cast the first stone."

On the same day the Honorable B. J. Ele rose in his place in Congress to announce the calamity in which the whole country shared, and to move an adjournment in respect for the memory of his late colleague; "a man endeared to us all by the urbanity of his deportment and his social graces; but to me especially, by the kindness of his heart and the readiness of his sympathy."

Abel Newt was buried from his father's house. There were not many gathered at the service in the small, plain rooms. Fanny Dinks was there, sobered and saddened—the friend now of Hope Wayne, and of Amy, her Uncle Lawrence's wife. Alfred was there, solemnized and frightened. The office of Lawrence Newt & Co. was closed, and the partners and the clerks all stood together around the coffin. Abel's mother, shrouded in black, sat in a dim corner of the room, nervously sobbing. Abel's father, sitting in his chair, his white hair hanging upon his shoulders, looked curiously at all the people, while his bony fingers played upon his knees, and he said nothing.

During all the solemn course of the service, from the gracious words, "I am the resurrection and the life," to the final Amen which was breathed out of the depth of many a soul there, the old man's eyes did not turn from the clergyman. But when, after a few moments of perfect silence, two or three men entered quietly and rapidly, and, lifting the coffin, began to bear it softly out of the room, the old man looked troubled and surprised, and glanced vaguely and inquiringly from one person to another, until, as it was passing out of the door, his face was covered with a piteous look of appeal; he half-rose from his chair, and reached out toward the door, with the long white fingers clutching in the air; but Hope Wayne took the wasted hands in hers, placed her arm behind him gently, and tenderly pressed him back into the chair. The old man raised his eyes to her as she stood by him, and holding one of her hands in one of his, the spectral calmness returned into his face; while, beating his thin knee with the other hand, he said, in the old way, as the body of his son was borne out of his house, "Riches have wings! riches have wings!" But still he held Hope Wayne's hand, and from time to time raised his eyes to her face.

CHAPTER CI.

UNDER THE MISLETOE.

THE hand which held that of old Boniface Newt was never placed in that of any younger man, except for a moment; but the heart that warmed the hand henceforward held all the world.

We have come to the last page, patient and gentle reader, and the girl we saw sitting, long ago, upon the lawn and walking in the garden of Pinewood is not yet married! Yes, and we shall close the book, and still she will be Hope Wayne!

How could we help it? How could a faithful chronicler but tell his story as it is? It is not at his will that heroes marry and heroines are given in marriage. He merely watches events and records results; but the inevitable laws of human life are hidden in God's grace beyond his knowledge.

There is Arthur Merlin painting pictures to this day, and every year with greater beauty and wider recognition. He wears the same velvet coat of many buttons—or its successor in the third or fourth remove—and still he whistles and sings at his work, still draws back from the easel and turns his head on one side to look at his picture, and cons it carefully through the tube of his closed hand; still lays down the pallet and, lighting a cigar, throws himself into the huge easy-chair, hanging one leg over the chair arm and gazing, as he swings his foot, at something which does not seem to be in the room. Cheerful and gay, he has always a word of welcome for the loiterer who returns to Italy by visiting the painters; even if the loiterer find him with the foot idly swinging and the cigar musingly smoking itself away.

Somehow Aunt Winnifred says little of her nephew's irresistible career among women; and when Mrs. Toxer plies her busy needle and her constant tongue, Aunt Winnifred listens with respectful faith as her gossip declares that Arthur "has had some affair."

What Mrs. Toxer suspects perhaps other people suspect, but nobody knows, and she is so old that she may be confounding some experiences of her own youth with her speculations upon his. Nor is the painter conscious of any gaping, unhealed wound that periodically bleeds. There are nights in midsummer when, leaning from his window, he thinks of many things, and among others, of a picture he once painted of the legend of Latmos. He smiles to think that, at the time, he half persuaded himself that he might be Endymion, yet the feeling with which he smiles is of pity and wonder rather than of regret.

At Thanksgiving dinners, at Christmas parties, at New Year and Twelfth Night festivals, no guest so gay and useful, so inventive and delightful, as Arthur Merlin the painter. Just as Aunt Winnifred has abandoned her theory it has become true, and all the girls do seem to love the man who respects them as much as the younger men do with whom they nightly dance in winter. He romps with the children, has a perfectly regulated and triumphant sliding-scale of gifts and attentions; and only this Christmas, although he is now—well, Aunt Winnifred has locked up the family Bible and begins to talk of Arthur as a young man—yet only this Christmas, at Lawrence Newt's family party, at which, so nimbly did they run round, it was almost impossible to compute the actual number of Newt, and Wynne, and Bennet children—Arthur Merlin brought in, during the evening, with an air of profound secrecy, something covered with a large handkerchief. Of course there could be no peace, and no blindman's-buff, no stage-coach, no twirling the platter, and no snap-dragon, until the mystery was revealed. The whole crowd of short frocks and trowsers, and bright ribbons and eyes and curls, swarmed around the painter until he displayed a green branch.

A pair of tiny feet, carrying a pair of great blue eyes and a head of golden curls, scampered across the floor to Lawrence Newt.

"Oh, papa, what is that green thing with little berries on it?"

"That's a misletoe bough, little Hope."

"But, papa, what's it for?"

The painter was already telling the children what it was for; and when he had hung it up over the folding doors such a bubbling chorus of laughter and merry shrieks followed, there was such a dragging of little girls in white muslin by little boys in blue velvet, and such smacking and kissing and happy confusion, that the little Hope's curiosity was immediately relieved. Of all the ingenious inventions of their friend the painter, this of the misletoe was certainly the most transcendent.

But when Arthur Merlin himself joined the romp, and, chasing Hope Wayne through the lovely crowd of shouting girls and boys, finally caught her and led her to the middle of the room and dropped on one knee and kissed her hand under the misletoe, then the delight burst all bounds; and as Hope Wayne's bright, beautiful face glanced merrily around the room—bright and beautiful, although she is young no longer—she saw that the elders were shouting with the children, and that Lawrence Newt and his wife and his niece Fanny, and papa and mamma Wynne, and Bennet, were all clapping their hands and laughing.

She laughed too, and Arthur Merlin laughed; and when Ellen Bennet's oldest daughter (of whom there are certain sly reports, in which her name is coupled with that of her cousin Edward, May Newt's oldest son) sat down to the piano and played a Virginia reel, it was Arthur Merlin who handed out Hope Wayne with mock gravity, and stepped about and bowed around so solemnly, that little Hope Newt, sitting upon her papa's knee and nestling her golden curls among his gray hair, laughed all the time, and wished that Christmas came every day in the year, and that she might always see Mr. Arthur Merlin dancing with dear Aunt Hope.

When the dance was over and the panting children were resting, Gabriel Newt, Lawrence's youngest boy, said to Arthur,

"Mr. Merlin, what game shall we play now? What game do you like best?"

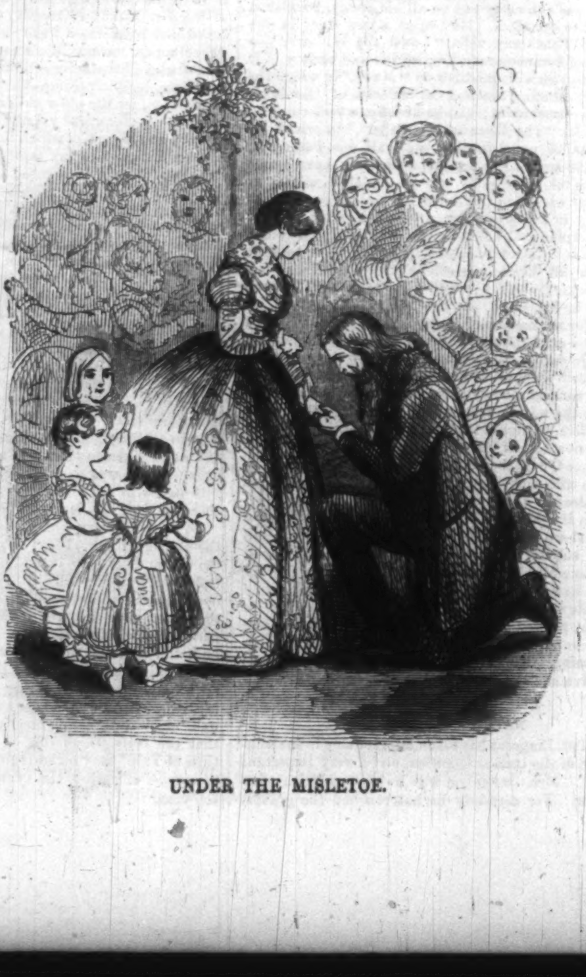
"The game of life, my boy," replied Arthur, looking at him kindly.

"Is life a game, father?" said Gabriel, turning to Lawrence Newt, with a look of surprise.

"My son," replied Lawrence, tenderly, "you must wait for your own experience to answer that question."

Patient and gentle reader, if life be a game, it is for you to say who among all the players we have been watching held Trumps.

THE END.



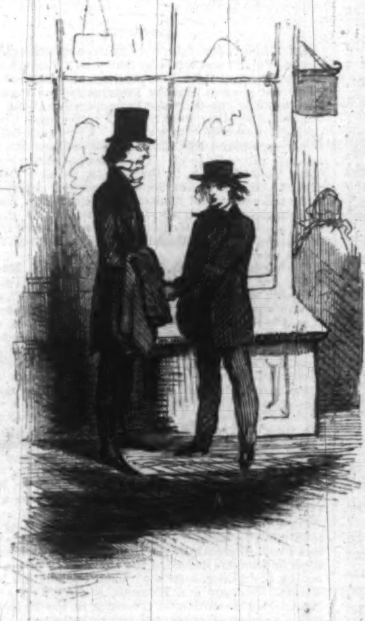
UNDER THE MISLETOE.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]



GILMORE'S NARRATIVE—*Concluded.*

III.

A WEEK passed, after my return to London, without the receipt of any communication from Miss Halcombe.

On the eighth day, a letter in her handwriting was placed among the other letters on my desk.

It announced that Sir Percival Glyde had been definitely accepted, and that the marriage was to take place, as he had originally desired, before the end of the year. In all probability the ceremony would be performed during the last fortnight in December. Miss Fairlie's twenty-first birthday was late in March. She would, therefore, by this arrangement, become Sir Percival's wife about three months before she was of age.

I ought not to have been surprised, I ought not to have been sorry; but I was surprised and sorry, nevertheless. Some little disappointment, caused by the unsatisfactory shortness of Miss Halcombe's letter, mingled itself with these feelings, and contributed its share toward upsetting my serenity for the day. In six lines my correspondent announced the proposed marriage; in three more she told me that Sir Percival had left Cumberland to return to his house in Hampshire; and in two concluding sentences she informed me, first, that Laura was sadly in want of change and cheerful society; secondly, that she had resolved to try the effect of some such change forthwith, by taking her sister away with her on a visit to certain old friends in Yorkshire. There the letter ended, without a word to explain what the circumstances were which had decided Miss Fairlie to accept Sir Percival Glyde in one short week from the time when I had last seen her.

At a later period the cause of this sudden determination was fully explained to me. It is not my business to relate it imperfectly on hearsay evidence. The circumstances came within the personal experience of Miss Halcombe; and, when her narrative succeeds mine, she will describe them in every particular, exactly as they happened. In the mean time, the plain duty for me to perform—before I, in my turn, lay down my pen and withdraw from the story—is to relate the one remaining event connected with Miss Fairlie's proposed marriage in which I was concerned, namely, the drawing of the settlement.

It is impossible to refer intelligibly to this document, without first entering into certain particulars in relation to the bride's pecuniary affairs. I will try to make my explanation briefly and plainly, and to keep it free from professional obscurities and technicalities. The matter is of the utmost importance. I warn all readers of these lines that Miss Fairlie's inheritance is a very serious part of Miss Fairlie's story; and that Mr. Gilmore's experience, in this particular, must be their experience also, if they wish to understand the narratives which are yet to come.

Miss Fairlie's expectations, then, were of a two-fold kind; comprising her possible inheritance of real property, or land, when her uncle died, and her absolute inheritance of personal property, or money, when she came of age.

Let us take the land first.

In the time of Miss Fairlie's paternal grandfather (whom we will call Mr. Fairlie the elder) the entailed succession to the Limmeridge estate stood thus:

Mr. Fairlie the elder died and left three sons—Philip, Frederick, and Arthur. As eldest son, Philip succeeded to the estate. If he died without leaving a son, the property went to the second brother, Frederick. And if Frederick died also without leaving a son, the property went to the third brother, Arthur.

As events turned out, Mr. Philip Fairlie died, leaving an only daughter, the Laura of this story; and the estate, in consequence, went, in the course of law, to the second brother, Frederick, a single man. The third brother, Arthur, had died many years before the decease of Philip, leaving a son and a daughter. The son, at the age of eighteen, was drowned at Oxford. His death left Laura, the daughter of Mr. Philip Fairlie, presumptive heiress to the estate, with every chance of succeeding to it, in the ordinary course of nature, on her uncle Frederick's death, if the said Frederick died without leaving male issue.

Except in the event, then, of Mr. Frederick Fairlie's marrying and leaving an heir (the two very last things in the world that he was likely to do), his niece, Laura, would have the property on his death; possessing, it must be remembered, nothing more than a life-interest in it. If she died single, or died childless, the estate would revert to her cousin Magdalen, the daughter of Mr. Arthur Fairlie. If she married, with a proper settlement—or, in other words, with the settlement I meant to make for her—the income from the estate (a good three thousand a year) would, during her lifetime, be at her own disposal. If she died before her husband, he would naturally expect to be left in the enjoyment of the income, for *his* lifetime. If she had a son, that son would be the heir, to the exclusion of her cousin Magdalen. Thus Sir Percival's prospects in marrying Miss Fairlie (so far as his wife's expectations from real property were concerned) promised him these two advantages, on Mr. Frederick Fairlie's death: First, the use of three thousand a year (by his wife's permission, while she lived, and, in his own right, on her death, if he survived her); and, secondly, the inheritance of Limmeridge for his son, if he had one.

So much for the landed property, and for the disposal of the income from it, on the occasion of Miss Fairlie's marriage. Thus far no difficulty or difference of opinion on the lady's settlement was at all likely to arise between Sir Percival's lawyer and myself.

The personal estate, or, in other words, the money to which Miss Fairlie would become entitled on reaching the age of twenty-one years, is the next point to consider.

This part of her inheritance was, in itself, a comfortable little fortune. It was derived under her father's will, and it amounted to the sum of twenty thousand pounds. Besides this, she had a life-interest in ten thousand pounds more; which latter amount was to go, on her decease, to her aunt Eleanor, her father's only sister. It will greatly assist in setting the family affairs before the reader in the clearest possible light, if I stop here for a moment to explain why the aunt had been kept waiting for her legacy until the death of the niece.

Mr. Philip Fairlie had lived on excellent terms with his sister Eleanor as long as she remained a single woman. But when her marriage took place, somewhat late in life, and when that marriage united her to an Italian gentleman, named Fosco—or, rather, to an Italian nobleman, seeing that he rejoiced in the title of Count—Mr. Fairlie disapproved of her conduct so strongly that he ceased to hold any communication with her, and even went the length of striking her name out of his will. The other members of the family all thought this serious manifestation of resentment at his sister's marriage more or less unreasonable. Count Fosco, though not a rich man, was not a penniless adventurer either. He had a small, but sufficient income of his own; he had lived many years in England; and he held an excellent position in society. These recommendations, however, availed nothing with Mr. Fairlie. In many of his opinions he was an Englishman of the old school; and he hated a foreigner, simply and solely because he was a foreigner. The utmost that he could be prevailed on to do, in after years, mainly at Miss Fairlie's intercession, was to restore his sister's name to its former place in his will, but to keep her waiting for her legacy by giving the income of the money to his daughter for life, and the money itself, if her aunt died before her, to her cousin Magdalen. Considering the relative ages of the two ladies, the aunt's chance, in the ordinary course of nature, of receiving the ten thousand pounds, was thus rendered doubtful in the extreme; and Madame Fosco resented her brother's treatment of her, as unjustly as usual in such cases, by refusing to see her niece, and declining to believe that Miss Fairlie's intercessions had ever been exerted to restore her name to Mr. Fairlie's will.

Such was the history of the ten thousand pounds. Here again no difficulty could arise with Sir Percival's legal adviser. The income would be at the wife's disposal, and the principal would go to her aunt or her cousin on her death.

All preliminary explanations being now cleared out of the way, I come, at last, to the real knot of the case—to the twenty thousand pounds.

This sum was absolutely Miss Fairlie's own, on her completing her twenty-first year; and the whole future disposition of it depended, in the first instance, on the conditions I could obtain for her in her marriage settlement. The other clauses contained in that document were of a formal kind, and need not be recited here. But the clause relating to the money is too important to be passed over. A few lines will be sufficient to give the necessary abstract of it.

My stipulation in regard to the twenty thousand pounds was simply this: The whole amount was to be settled so as to give the income to the lady for her life; afterward to Sir Percival for his life; and the principal to the children of the marriage. In default of issue, the principal was to be disposed of as the lady might by her will direct, for which purpose I reserved to her the right of making a will. The effect of these conditions may be thus summed up: If Lady Glyde died without leaving children, her half-sister, Miss Halcombe, and any other relatives or friends whom she might be anxious to benefit, would, on her husband's death, divide among them such shares of her money as she desired them to have. If, on the other hand, she died leaving children, then their interest, naturally and necessarily, superseded all other interests whatsoever. This was the clause; and no one who reads it can fail, I think, to agree with me that it meted out equal justice to all parties.

We shall see how my proposals were met on the husband's side.

At the time when Miss Halcombe's letter reached me I was even more busily occupied than usual. But I contrived to make leisure for the settlement. I had drawn it, and had sent it for approval to Sir Percival's solicitor, in less than a week from the time when Miss Halcome had informed me of the proposed marriage.

After a lapse of two days the document was returned to me, with the notes and remarks of the baronet's lawyer. His objections, in general, proved to be of the most trifling and technical kind, until he came to the clause relating to the twenty thousand pounds. Against this there were double lines drawn in red ink, and the following note was appended to them:

"Not admissible. The *principal* to go to Sir Percival Glyde, in the event of his surviving Lady Glyde, and there being no issue."

That is to say, not one farthing of the twenty thousand pounds was to go to Miss Halcombe, or to any other relative or friend of Lady Glyde's. The whole sum, if she left no children, was to slip into the pockets of her husband.

The answer I wrote to this audacious proposal was as short and sharp as I could make it:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I maintain clause number so-and-so exactly as it stands. Yours truly."

The rejoinder came back in a quarter of an hour:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I maintain the note in red ink exactly as it stands. Yours truly."

In the detestable slang of the day we were now both "at a dead lock," and nothing was left for it but to refer to our clients on either side.

As matters stood, my client—Miss Fairlie not having yet completed her twenty-first year—was her guardian, Mr. Frederick Fairlie. I wrote by that day's post, and put the case before him exactly as it stood; not only urging every argument I could think of to induce him to maintain the clause as I had drawn it, but stating to him plainly the mercenary motive which was at the bottom of the opposition to my settlement of the twenty thousand pounds. The knowledge of Sir Percival's affairs which I necessarily gained when the provisions of the deed on *his* side were submitted in due course to my examination had but too plainly informed me that the debts on his estate were enormous, and that his income, though nominally a large one, was, virtually, for a man in his position, next to nothing. The want of ready money was the practical necessity of Sir Percival's existence; and his lawyer's note on the clause in the settlement was nothing but the frankly selfish expression of it.

Mr. Fairlie's answer reached me by return of post, and proved to be wandering and irrelevant in the extreme. Turned into plain English, it practically expressed itself to this effect: "Would dear Gilmore be so very obliging as not to worry his friend and client about such a trifle as a remote contingency? Was it likely that a young woman of twenty-one would die before a man of forty-five, and die without children? On the other hand, in such a miserable world as this, was it possible to overestimate the value of peace and quietness? If those two heavenly blessings were offered in exchange for such an earthly trifle as a remote chance of twenty thousand pounds, was it not a fair bargain? Surely, yes. Then why not make it?"

I threw the letter away from me in disgust. Just as it had fluttered to the ground there was a knock at my door, and Sir Percival's solicitor, Mr. Merriman, was shown in. There are many varieties of sharp practitioners in this world, but I think the hardest of all to deal with are the men who overreach you under the disguise of inveterate good-humor. A fat, well-fed, smiling, friendly man of business is of all parties to a bargain the most hopeless to deal with. Mr. Merriman was one of this class.

"And how is good Mr. Gilmore?" he began, all in a glow with the warmth of his own amiability. "Glad to see you, Sir, in such excellent health. I was passing your door, and I thought I would look in, in case you might have something to say to me. Do—now pray do let us settle this little difference of ours by word of mouth, if we can! Have you heard from your client yet?"

"Yes. Have you heard from yours?"

"My dear, good Sir, I wish I had heard from him to any purpose—I wish, with all my heart, the responsibility was off my shoulders; but he won't take it off. 'Merriman, I leave details to you. Do what you think right for my interests, and consider me as having personally withdrawn from the business until it is all over.' Those were Sir Percival's words a fortnight ago; and all I can get him to do now is to repeat them. I am not a hard man, Mr. Gilmore, as you know. Personally and privately, I do assure you, I should like to sponge out that note of mine at this very moment. But if Sir Percival won't go into the matter, if Sir Percival will blindly leave all his interests in my sole care, what course can I possibly take except the course of asserting them? My hands are bound—don't you see, my dear Sir?—my hands are bound."

"You maintain your note on the clause, then, to the letter?" I said.

"Yes—deuce take it! I have no other alternative." He walked to the fire-place and warmed himself, humming the fag-end of a tune in a rich, convivial bass voice. "What does your side say?" he went on; "now pray tell me—what does your side say?"

I was ashamed to tell him. I attempted to gain time—nay, I did worse. My legal instincts got the better of me, and I even tried to bargain.

"Twenty thousand pounds is rather a large sum to be given up by the lady's friends at two days' notice," I said.

"Very true," replied Mr. Merriman, looking down thoughtfully at his boots. "Properly put, Sir—most properly put!"

"A compromise, recognizing the interests of the lady's family as well as the interests of the husband might not, perhaps, have frightened my client quite so much," I went on. "Come! come! this contingency resolves itself into a matter of bargaining after all. What is the least you will take?"

"The least we will take," said Mr. Merriman, "is nineteen-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-pounds-nineteen-shillings-and-eleven-pence-three-farthings. Ha! ha! ha! Excuse me, Mr. Gilmore. I must have my little joke."

"Little enough!" I remarked. "The joke is just worth the odd farthing it was made for."

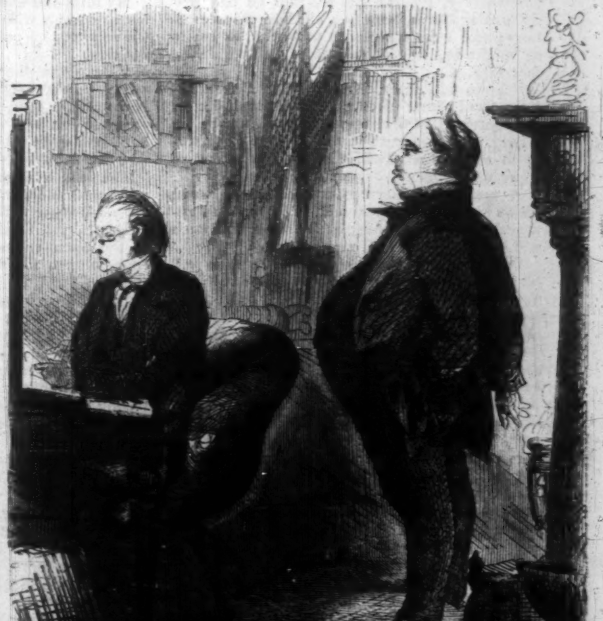
Mr. Merriman was delighted. He laughed over my retort till the room rang again. I was not half so good-humored on my side: I came back to business, and closed the interview.

"This is Friday," I said. "Give us till Tuesday next for our final answer."

"By all means," replied Mr. Merriman. "Longer, my dear Sir, if you like." He took up his hat to go, and then addressed me again. "By-the-way," he said, "your clients in Cumberland have not heard any thing more of the woman who wrote the anonymous letter, have they?"

"Nothing more," I answered. "Have you found no trace of her?"

"Not yet," said my legal friend. "But we don't despair. Sir Percival has his suspicions that Somebody is keeping her in hiding, and we are having that Somebody watched."



"HE WALKED TO THE FIRE-PLACE AND WARMED HIMSELF," ETC., ETC.

"You mean the old woman who was with her in Cumberland?" I said.

"Quite another party, Sir," answered Mr. Merriman. "We don't happen to have laid hands on the old woman yet. Our Somebody is a man. We have got him close under our eye here in London; and we strongly suspect he had something to do with helping her in the first instance to escape from the Asylum. Sir Percival wanted to question him at once; but I said, 'No. Questioning him will only put him on his guard: watch him, and wait.' We shall see what happens. A dangerous woman to be at large, Mr. Gilmore; nobody knows what she may do next. I wish you good-morning, Sir. On Tuesday next I shall hope for the pleasure of hearing from you." He smiled amiably, and went out.

My mind had been rather absent during the latter part of the conversation with my legal friend. I was so anxious about the matter of the settlement that I had little attention to give to any other subject; and the moment I was left alone again I began to think over what my next proceeding ought to be.

In the case of any other client I should have acted on my instructions, however personally distasteful to me, and have given up the point about the twenty thousand pounds on the spot. But I could not act with this business-like indifference toward Miss Fairlie. I had an honest feeling of affection and admiration for her; I remembered gratefully that her father had been the kindest patron and friend to me that ever man had; I had felt toward her, while I was drawing the settlement, as I might have felt, if I had not been an old bachelor, toward a daughter of my own; and I was determined to spare no personal sacrifice in her service and where her interests were concerned. Writing a second time to Mr. Fairlie was not to be thought of; it would only be giving him a second opportunity of slipping through my fingers. Seeing him and personally remonstrating with him might possibly be of more use. The next day was Saturday. I determined to take a return ticket, and jolt my old bones down to Cumberland, on the chance of persuading him to adopt the just, the independent, and the honorable course. It was a poor chance enough, no doubt; but when I had tried it my conscience would be at ease. I should then have done all that a man in my position could do to serve the interests of my old friend's only child.

The weather on Saturday was beautiful—a west wind and a bright sun. Having felt latterly a return of that fullness and oppression of the head against which my doctor warned me so seriously more than two years since, I resolved to take the opportunity of getting a little extra exercise, by sending my bag on before me, and walking to the terminus in Euston Square. As I came out into Holborn a gentleman, walking by rapidly, stopped and spoke to me. It was Mr. Walter Hartright.

If he had not been the first to greet me I should certainly have passed him. He was so changed that I hardly knew him again. His face looked pale and haggard—his manner was hurried and uncertain—and his dress, which I remembered as neat and gentlemanlike when I saw him at Limmeridge, was so slovenly now that I should really have been ashamed of the appearance of it on one of my own clerks.

"Have you been long back from Cumberland?" he asked. "I heard from Miss Halcombe lately. I am aware that Sir Percival Glyde's explanation has been considered satisfactory. Will the marriage take place soon? Do you happen to know, Mr. Gilmore?"

He spoke so fast, and crowded his questions together so strangely and confusedly, that I could hardly follow him. However accidentally intimate he might have been with the family at Limmeridge, I could not see that he had any right to expect information on their private affairs; and I determined to drop him, as easily as might be, on the subject of Miss Fairlie's marriage.

"Time will show, Mr. Hartright," I said—"time will show. I dare say if we look out for the marriage in the papers we shall not be far wrong. Excuse my noticing it—but I am sorry to see you not looking so well as you were when we last met."

A momentary nervous contraction quivered about his lips and eyes, and made me half reproach myself for having answered him in such a significantly-guarded manner.

"I had no right to ask about her marriage," he said, bitterly. "I must wait to see it in the newspapers, like other people. Yes," he went on, before I could make any apologies, "I have not been well lately. I want a change of scene and occupation. You have a large circle of acquaintance, Mr. Gilmore. If you should hear of any expedition abroad which may be in want of a draughtsman, and if you have no friend of your own who can take advantage of the opportunity, I should feel greatly obliged by your letting me know of it. I can answer for my testimonials being satisfactory; and I don't care where I go, what the climate is, or how long I am away." He looked about him while he said this at the throng of strangers passing us by on either side, in a strange, suspicious manner, as if he thought that some of them might be watching us.

"If I hear of any thing of the kind I will not fail to mention it," I said; and then added, so as not to keep him altogether at arm's-length on the subject of the Fairlies, "I am going down to Limmeridge to-day, on business. Miss Halcombe and Miss Fairlie are away, just now, on a visit to some friends in Yorkshire."

His eyes brightened, and he seemed about to say something in answer; but the same momentary nervous spasm crossed his face again. He took my hand, pressed it hard, and disappeared among the crowd, without saying another word. Though he was little more than a stranger to me I waited for a moment, looking after him almost with a feeling of regret. I had gained, in my profession, sufficient experience of young men to know what the outward signs and tokens were of their beginning to go wrong; and, when I resumed my walk to the railway, I am sorry to say I felt more than doubtful about Mr. Hartright's future.

IV.

Leaving by an early train I got to Limmeridge in time for dinner. The house was oppressively empty and dull. I had expected that good Mrs. Vesey would have been company for me in the absence of the young ladies; but she was confined to her room by a cold. The servants were so surprised at seeing me that they hurried and bustled absurdly, and made all sorts of annoying mistakes. Even the butler, who was old enough to have known better, brought me a bottle of port that was chilled. The reports of Mr. Fairlie's health were just as usual; and when I sent up a message to announce my arrival, I was told that he would be delighted to see me the next morning, but that the sudden news of my appearance had prostrated him with palpitations for the rest of the evening. The wind howled dismally all night, and strange cracking and groaning noises sounded here, there, and every where in the empty house. I slept as wretchedly as possible; and got up, in a mighty bad humor, to breakfast by myself the next morning.

At ten o'clock I was conducted to Mr. Fairlie's apartments. He was in his usual room, his usual chair, and his usual aggravating state of mind and body. When I went in his valet was standing before him, holding up for inspection a heavy volume of etchings, as long and as broad as my office writing-desk. The miserable foreigner grinned in the most abject manner, and looked ready to drop with fatigue, while his master composedly turned over the etchings and brought their hidden beauties to light with the help of a magnifying glass.

"You very best of good old friends," said Mr. Fairlie, leaning back lazily before he could look at me, "are you *quite* well? How nice of you to come here and see me in my solitude. Dear Gilmore!"

I had expected that the valet would be dismissed when I appeared; but nothing of the sort happened. There he stood, in front of his master's chair, trembling under the weight of the etchings; and there Mr. Fairlie sat serenely twirling the magnifying glass between his white fingers and thumbs.

"I have come to speak to you on a very important matter," I said, "and you will therefore excuse me if I suggest that we had better be alone."

The unfortunate valet looked at me gratefully. Mr. Fairlie faintly repeated my last three words, "better be alone," with every appearance of the utmost possible astonishment.

I was in no humor for trifling, and I resolved to make him understand what I meant.

"Oblige me by giving that man permission to withdraw," I said, pointing to the valet.

Mr. Fairlie arched his eyebrows, and pursed up his lips, in sarcastic surprise.

"Man?" he repeated. "You provoking old Gilmore, what can you possibly mean by calling him a man? He's nothing of the sort. He might have been a man half an hour ago before I wanted my etchings; and he may be a man half an hour hence, when I don't want them any longer. At present he is simply a port-folio stand. Why object, Gilmore, to a port-folio stand?"

"I *do* object. For the third time, Mr. Fairlie, I beg that we may be alone."

My tone and manner left him no alternative but to comply with my request. He looked at the servant and pointed peevishly to a chair at his side.

"Put down the etchings and go away," he said. "Don't upset me by losing my place. Have you, or have you not, lost my place? Are you sure you have not? And have you put my hand-bell quite within my reach? Yes? Then, why the devil don't you go?"

The valet went out. Mr. Fairlie twisted himself round in his chair, polished the magnifying glass with his delicate cambric handkerchief, and indulged himself in a sidelong inspection of the open volume of etchings. It was not easy to keep my temper under these circumstances; but I did keep it.

"I have come here at great personal inconvenience," I said, "to serve the interests of your niece and your family; and I think I have established some slight claim to be favored with your attention in return."

"Don't bully me!" exclaimed Mr. Fairlie, falling back helplessly in the chair, and closing his eyes. "Please don't bully me. I'm not strong enough."

I was determined not to let him provoke me for Laura Fairlie's sake.

"My object," I went on, "is to entreat you to reconsider your letter, and not to force me to abandon the just rights of your niece, and of all who belong to her. Let me state the case to you once more, and for the last time."

Mr. Fairlie shook his head, and sighed piteously.

"This is heartless of you, Gilmore—very heartless," he said. "Never mind; go on."

I put all the points to him carefully; I set the matter before him in every conceivable light. He lay back in the chair, the whole time I was speaking, with his eyes closed. When I had done he opened them indolently, took his silver smelling-bottle from the table, and sniffed at it with an air of gentle relish.

"Good Gilmore!" he said, between the sniffs, "how very nice this is of you! How you reconcile one to human nature!"

"Give me a plain answer to a plain question, Mr. Fairlie. I tell you again, Sir Percival Glyde has no shadow of a claim to expect more than the income of the money. The money itself, if your niece has no children, ought to be under her control, and to return to her family. If you stand firm Sir Percival must give way—he must give way, I tell you, or he exposes himself to the base imputation of marrying Miss Fairlie entirely from mercenary motives."

Mr. Fairlie shook the silver smelling-bottle at me playfully.

"You dear old Gilmore; how you do hate rank and family, don't you? How you detest Glyde because he happens to be a baronet. What a Radical you are—oh, dear me, what a Radical you are!"

A Radical!!! I could put up with a great deal of provocation, but, after holding the soundest Conservative principles all my life, I could *not* put up with being called a Radical. My blood boiled at it—I started out of my chair—I was speechless with indignation.

"Don't shake the room!" cried Mr. Fairlie—"for Heaven's sake, don't shake the room! Worthiest of all possible Gilmores, I meant no offense. My own views are so extremely liberal that I think I am a Radical myself. Yes. We are a pair of Radicals. Please don't be angry. I can't quarrel—I haven't stamina enough. Shall we drop the subject? Yes. Come and look at these sweet etchings. Do let me teach you to understand the heavenly pearliness of these lines. Do, now; there's a good Gilmore!"

While he was maundering on in this way, I was, fortunately for my own self-respect, returning to my senses. When I spoke again I was composed enough to treat his impertinence with the silent contempt that it deserved.

"You are entirely wrong, Sir," I said, "in supposing that I speak from any prejudice against Sir Percival Glyde. I may regret that he has so unreservedly resigned himself, in this matter, to his lawyer's direction, as to make any appeal to himself impossible; but I am not prejudiced against him. What I have said would equally apply to any other man in his situation, high or low. The principle I maintain is a recognized principle among lawyers. If you were to apply, at the nearest town here, to the first respectable practitioner you could find, he would tell you, as a stranger, what I tell you as a friend. He would inform you that it is against all rule to abandon the lady's money entirely to the man she marries. He would decline, on grounds of common legal caution, to give the husband, under any circumstances whatever, an interest of twenty thousand pounds in the event of the wife's death."

"Would he really, Gilmore?" said Mr. Fairlie. "If he said any thing half so horrid, I do assure you I should tinkle my bell for Louis, and have him sent out of the house immediately."

"You shall not irritate me, Mr. Fairlie—for your niece's sake, and for her father's sake, you shall not irritate me. You shall take the whole responsibility of this discreditable settlement on your own shoulders before I leave the room."

"Don't!—now please don't!" said Mr. Fairlie. "Think how precious your time is, Gilmore; and don't throw it away. I would dispute with you if I could, but I can't—I haven't stamina enough. You want to upset me, to upset yourself, to upset Glyde, and to upset Laura; and—oh, dear me!—all for the sake of the very last thing in the world that is likely to happen. No, dear friend—for the sake of peace and quietness, positively No!"

"I am to understand, then, that you hold by the determination expressed in your letter?"

"Yes, please. So glad we understand each other at last. Sit down again—do!"

I walked at once to the door; and Mr. Fairlie resignedly "tinkled" his hand-bell. Before I left the room I turned round and addressed him for the last time:

"Whatever happens in the future, Sir," I said, "remember that my plain duty of warning you has been performed. As the faithful friend and servant of your family, I tell you, at parting, that no daughter of mine should be married to any man alive under such a settlement as you are forcing me to make for Miss Fairlie."

The door opened behind me, and the valet stood waiting on the threshold.

"Louis," said Mr. Fairlie, "show Mr. Gilmore out, and then come back and hold up my sketchings for me again. Make them give you a good lunch down stairs—do, Gilmore, make my idle beasts of servants give you a good lunch."

I was too much disgusted to reply; I turned on my heel, and left him in silence. There was an up-train at two o'clock in the afternoon, and by that train I returned to London.

On the Tuesday I sent in the altered settlement, which practically disinherited the very persons whom Miss Fairlie's own lips had informed me she was most anxious to benefit. I had no choice. Another lawyer would have drawn up the deed if I had refused to undertake it.

My task is done. My personal share in the events of the family story extends no farther than the point which I have just reached. Other pens than mine will describe the strange circumstances which are now shortly to follow. Seriously and sorrowfully I close this brief record. Seriously and sorrowfully I repeat here the parting words that I spoke at Limmeridge House—No daughter of mine should have been married to any man alive under such a settlement as I was compelled to make for Laura Fairlie.

LITERARY.

Miss Martha Haines Butt, of Virginia, has published her "Leisure Moments," to which we lately alluded. It appears to be a charming book, and will no doubt be widely read. Few ladies in the country have so many admirers as the beautiful and talented Miss Butt.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, Jan. 9, in the Senate, a speech against the Amistad claim was made by Senator Dixon, after which Senator Iverson defined his position, and declared that he could not support Senator Douglas for the Presidency. ——In the House there was little speech-making. Three ballots for Speaker were had, 219 voting each time, rendering 110 necessary to a choice. Upon each ballot Mr. Sherman secured 105, Mr. Hamilton 88, and Mr. Gilmer declining from 22 to 18. The rest were scattering.

On Tuesday, 10th, in the Senate, Senator Green reviewed the position of Senator Douglas, charging him with inconsistency. The Senate went into executive session and then adjourned.——In the House, the Slavery question and the Helper book were discussed at length by Messrs. Gartrell, Haskin, Morris, and Edwards. No ballot was taken.

On Wednesday, 11th, in the Senate, Hon. Morton J. Wilkinson, the Senator recently elected in Minnesota, for six years, commencing on the 4th of March, 1859, appeared and was sworn in. Senator Green subsequently resumed his remarks on the Territorial question, controverting the position of Senator Douglas, and was followed by Senator Pugh, of Ohio, in response to the attacks of Senator Iverson. Senator Pugh early gave way to an executive session.——In the House, speeches on the Speakership and the Slavery question were made by Messrs. Scranton, Campbell, etc., after which a vote for Speaker was had, 111 being necessary to a choice. Mr. Sherman received 108, Mr. Hamilton 81, Mr. Gilmer 19, scattering 13. A second ballot was ordered. Some remarks were made by Messrs. Clark, Adrain, and others, after which the vote was taken. The ballot resulted, Mr. Sherman 106, Mr. Hamilton 75, Mr. Gilmer 25, Mr. Davis, of Indiana, 8, scattering 7. Necessary to a choice 111. The House adjourned.

On Thursday, 12th, in the Senate, an exciting debate took place on Senator Pugh's resolution, in which Senators Pugh, Douglas, Davis, Green, and Clay participated. Senator Douglas defended the consistency of his course. ——In the House, after a personal explanation between Messrs. Sherman and Houston, a discussion arose on Mr. Clark's resolution in reference to the Helper book, and a number of conversational remarks were made by members. An altercation took place between Messrs. Haskin and Clark, during which the former let a pistol fall from his pocket. This caused some confusion and alarm. At the close of the affray Mr. Clark apologized, and all ended quietly.

On Friday, 13th, the Senate not being in session, in the House Mr. Smith spoke in favor of Mr. Clark's resolution, and in condemnation of the Helper book. He was responded to by Mr. Bingham. A general discussion then ensued, until Mr. Pennington moved the adoption of the plurality rule on the vote for Speaker, to take effect on Monday next. Several points of order were raised, but no question was taken, and the House adjourned.

MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR LETCHER, OF VIRGINIA.

Governor Letcher's Message was delivered to the Legislature of Virginia on 8th inst. It begins by alluding to the happy tranquillity of an earlier period of the republic, which has been interrupted by the interference of the citizens of the Northern States with the rights and institutions of the South. In Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Vermont, and perhaps other States, legislation has been employed to defeat the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law within their limits.

It is cheerfully conceded that a large portion of the citizens of the North are loyal to the Constitution and Union; but it is not to be disguised that a large number are indifferent to both, and prefer dissolution to the extension of the slave territory and slave States. This lamentable state of things originated in the construction by Northern people of the Constitution. He suggests that a convention of all the States be summoned, and that full and free conference be had, to ascertain if the questions in controversy can not be settled on some basis mutually satisfactory to both sections. If the difference be irreconcilable, let the question of a peaceable separation be discussed. He recommends the Legislature to adopt resolutions in favor of calling such a convention as is provided in the fifth article of the Constitution, and appeal to the Legislatures of the several States to unite in the application proposed to be made to Congress in pursuance of the provisions of this article. If the free States fail or refuse to unite in the application, it will furnish conclusive evidence of a determination on their part to keep up the agitation. If the convention meet, and the question can not be satisfactorily adjusted, it will furnish evidence equally conclusive. He also suggests that a commission of two of our most experienced statesmen be appointed to visit the Legislatures of those States which have passed laws to obstruct the execution of the Fugitive Slave Act, and insist, in the name of Virginia, upon their unconditional repeal. This controversy has now reached a point which demands a speedy settlement if the Union is to be preserved. Virginia is prepared to do all that honor, patriotism, and duty enjoins toward its preservation. Nevertheless, it is the duty of the State to be prepared, and the Governor recommends the revision of the militia laws, that munitions of war be procured, that brigades of minute-men be organized, and that the Military Institute be enlarged. He also recommends the fostering of direct trade with Europe, manufactures, and the mechanic arts, and the completion of the internal improvements of the State.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.

The Annual Message of Governor Randall of Wisconsin was delivered to the Legislature of that State on 12th inst. The finances of the State are shown to be in a prosperous condition. The Slavery question is discussed at considerable length, the Governor taking the Republican view of the various questions involved in that subject. He favors no compromise, denouncing the Disunion sentiments which are allowed to be expressed in the halls of the national legislature as unpatriotic, undignified, and disgraceful, and declares that every attempt at Disunion should be rewarded with the halter.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF UTAH.

We have intelligence from Utah to the middle of December. The Message of Governor Cumming was delivered on the 12th ult. It abstains from any comment on the recent Mormon outrages, alluding briefly to the prevalence of disorders, and suggesting an increase of the Police force. The question of the jurisdiction of the Courts he recommends to the attention of the Legislature. Our correspondent at Camp Floyd states that great activity prevailed among the Mormons in the organization of military companies.

NO SLAVERY IN NEBRASKA.

The Territorial Legislature of Nebraska, on the 3d inst., passed the bill to abolish Slavery in that Territory. It is stated that it was expected Governor Black, the Administration Executive of the Territory, would veto it.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS.

The Kentucky Democratic Convention terminated its sessions last week. The extreme Pro-Slavery resolutions reported by the majority of the Committee were adopted, and a resolution proposing a reaffirmation of the Cincinnati Platform voted down. On Tuesday, the Administration Democrats of Illinois met in Convention at Springfield. The resolutions condemn popular sovereignty, applaud the Administration, and indorse its views upon the Slavery question. The Democracy of

Indiana assembled on Wednesday at Indianapolis. After a severe struggle the Douglas faction was successful in placing one of its number in the Chair, preliminary to permanent organization. The Alabama Convention was also in session on Wednesday. The proceedings were extremely turbulent, the ultraists, controlled by Mr. Yancey, insisting upon ruling the Convention—an object, so far as the temporary organization was concerned, they succeeded in effecting.

WHAT JOHN BROWN COST VIRGINIA.

A letter from Richmond, Virginia, says: "From a rough estimate formed by a gentleman high in military authority in this State, the cost of the transportation of troops, arms, and ammunition to and from Charlestown during the late excitement will amount to about $25,000. This estimate is predicated upon an assumption or guarantee that the railroad companies would charge the State but half fare and half the usual cost for freight transportation. I understand a great deal of cheating has been practiced upon the Old Dominion in the dead-head line. Every man who could appear in a military overcoat, whether borrowed or stolen, could proceed free and unmolested to Charlestown. This trick is understood to have been very generally practiced during the excited period of the Harper's Ferry *émeute* and the executions at Charlestown.

"The average cost of each man's rations per day during the stay of the military at Charlestown is estimated by the same authority at 19½ cents. The other estimates, it is understood, will be in perfect keeping with these results."

UNION MEETING AT ALBANY.

A very large meeting, called to express the devotion of the citizens to the Union, and their aversion to Brown's unhappy design, was held at Albany on the 12th. The outer hall of the Capitol—the Assembly having declined to permit its chamber to be used for the purpose—was crowded to its utmost capacity, and multitudes were necessarily excluded. Hon. Garret Y. Lansing was selected as President. As soon as the organization had been completed, Mr. Henry J. Raymond was called for, and spoke at some length upon the necessity of assuring the South, in its present agitated state, of the substantial conservatism of Northern sentiment, and of Northern indisposition to interfere with their peculiar institution where guaranteed by law. Ex-Governor Seymour followed Mr. Raymond in a speech of great eloquence; and a series of terse and vigorous resolutions were adopted.

EXECUTION OF THE MURDERER MAUDE.

Patrick Maude, who was convicted of the murder of his sister, Mrs. Turbott, at Newark, New Jersey, on the 28th of May last, by shooting her with a pistol, was executed on the 12th inst. in the Essex County jail at Newark. The prisoner made a speech upon the gallows, which, for recklessness, incoherency, and blasphemy, has scarcely ever been equaled. The execution was witnessed by about three hundred persons.

A SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE.

The Boston *Traveller* tells the story of the marriage of a dentist of that city with a lady medium, his wonderful matrimonial experiences, and the ultimate dissolution of that affinity after eighteen months. The dentist was introduced, some two years ago, to a lady whose husband had deserted her and gone to Kansas, since which she had taken up the profession of spiritual mediumship. She was fair and attractive, and admiration of her spiritual gifts combined with her personal charms to captivate the bachelor's heart. Besides, the spirits told them they were made for each other, and they were willingly obedient to the heavenly vision. They were married, but the honeymoon had hardly begun when the wife became subject to strange trances, during which she would pull her husband's hair, scratch him, and otherwise violently belabor him, most commonly when he was in bed, and exposed and defenseless. When she was aroused from the trance she was full of regrets at what had happened. At the bidding of the spirits he took her with him to Texas, where she proclaimed him an Abolitionist, and he narrowly escaped violence at the hands of the mob. When they got back, the spiritual persecutions continuing, and the poor husband finding that his sufferings of mind, body, and estate were greater than he could bear, suggested a separation, and obtained it by paying handsomely. After the separation the woman confessed that she had imposed upon him throughout—that her trances were feigned, that she beat and scratched him because she wanted to, and that all the spiritual messages he had received were of her own manufacture.

DRANK HIMSELF TO DEATH FOR TEN DOLLARS.

Miles Winn, says the New Haven *Journal* of the 10th inst., in company with Thomas M'Gwinn, entered the distillery of Keeler & Co., corner of Fleet and Water streets, early Saturday evening. M'Gwinn asked Winn what he would have to drink. He said port wine, upon which some one of the number present remarked he might as well drink brandy as port wine, as far as the effect was concerned. Winn, who is said to have been a temperate man, then said he could drink two quarts of port wine without feeling it. M'Gwinn then offered to bet ten dollars that he (Winn) could not do it; and the wager was made. Winn commenced upon his wine by drinking tumbler after tumbler, until he reached the eighth, when those who had furnished it refused him any more, saying that seven tumblers were enough for any man at one time. Winn then sat down on a bench near the stove for about ten minutes, when he suddenly fell backward on the floor, apparently helpless. He was immediately taken home, and died about eleven o'clock, totally unconscious. Dr. Jewett was called, and held a post-mortem examination of the body, and reported before the jury that he found the remains of Winn in a perfectly healthy condition, and that it was his opinion he came to his death from apoplexy, produced by drinking too much wine.

PERSONAL.

The President has nominated Hon. J. K. Faulkner, of Virginia, Minister to France.

We read in the *Comercio* of Laguayra, Venezuela. "Yesterday Miss Eliza Smith, daughter of the American Consul, Andrew J. Smith, Esq., died in this city. In the short space of ten days this gentleman has lost two daughters, and his only son is at present very seriously ill. We most sincerely sympathize with Mr. Smith in these afflictions. Five American ships lying in the harbor lowered their flags to half-mast in testimony of sympathy." The son has since died.

Richard Realf, the Secretary of State under John Brown's "Provisional Government," is on his way to Washington from Austin, Texas, in charge of the United States Senate Committee's officer.

A correspondent at Syracuse sends the *Tribune* the following account of the new United States Senator from Minnesota:

"The Hon. Morton S. Wilkinson has been spending a few days here, recruiting after the severe labors of the Fall campaign and preparing for Congressional duties. He was born in Skaneateles, in this county, and is the son of the late Alfred Wilkinson, a sterling Abolitionist, and the nephew of John Wilkinson of this place. He is six feet three inches in height, with a high forehead and sharp black eyes, and will be forty-one years old on the 22d of January. He is a lawyer, studied with Beach & Underwood of Skaneateles, and was admitted to the bar in this State. He moved to Michigan in 1843, and practiced law at Eaton Rapids till 1847, when he went to St. Paul, which has been his home till a year since, when he went to Waukato, a hundred miles southwest from that town.

"Another Senator, K. S. Bingham, was born in Marcellus, in Onondaga County."

A subscription to relieve the pecuniary embarrassment of the Pope has been commenced in this country, and two devoted Catholics of Baltimore, Maryland, have given $350 to the object.

As the Hon. Stephen H. Phillips, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, was walking through Portland Street, in Boston, on Monday, he slipped upon the icy side-walk and fell heavily upon his right arm, by which some of the bones of the fore-arm were broken. Dr Gay set the limb soon after, and Mr. Phillips subsequently appeared in the Supreme Court, but as he suffered considerable pain he was excused from attendance and returned home. It will be recollected that a similar accident occurred to the left arm of Mr. Phillips only a few weeks since.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* thus makes history of an exciting incident in a marble dry-goods palace on Broadway:

"In one of our large dry-goods houses, at the close of the year, an affair happened not in the usual routine of trade. A number of clerks were discharged. It is 'the rule of the house' to give no recommendations. But one of the clerks applied for one. It was refused. The request was repeated, based on six years of long and faithful service, and on the fact that the applicant was about to remove to California. The refusal was repeated, with the demand to 'be gone.' The excited clerk, not having the fear of his late master, nor of the majesty of the law before his eyes, 'pitched into' the astounded dry-goods man, and floored him in true Congressional style. The fallen man arose, and was floored again, when the ex-clerk walked coolly away. Both parties are too respectable to have any public or legal notice taken of the affray. The police are innocent of any breach of the peace, though the affair created a profound 'impression' in the 'region' of the assault."

The Hartford *Press* says that Brackett, the sculptor, has had letters from Virginia intimating that he will have commissions from that State for copies of his bust of John Brown.

The following good story is told at Washington of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania: At the time when several of the Anti-Lecompton men voted for Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina, one of the prominent Southern Democrats approached Mr. Stevens, saying he was very much astonished that these men should vote for Mr. Gilmer, who owned nearly a "hundred head of niggers." "Does he?" said Mr. S., "then I think I shall vote for him myself, for it is your little one-headed nigger men who make all the trouble."

The London *Observer* hints that a great breach-of-promise case is on the tapis between the daughter of a solicitor and a noble earl. On the same authority it is stated that a tragedy equally horrible, though more English in its details than Madame Lemoine's (the burning of an infant to death), is likely to be brought before the public.

Mr. Price, of St. Stephen, in Maine, was burned out of house twice in one night! He owned two houses, a short distance from each other. The one he lived in took fire about 6 o'clock, and his family had barely time to escape to the other. About 12 o'clock that also was found to be on fire, and, as the night was bitterly cold, was laid in ashes.

A large crowd of persons, attended by a concert troup, recently visited the grave of Henry Clay, near Lexington, Kentucky. On the hallowed spot a dirge was sung. The ladies of the troupe at first stood in the snow, but the Kentucky gentlemen doffed their cloaks, and casting them upon the frozen crust, formed a carpet upon which the women might stand in comfort.

Cassius M. Clay spoke at Frankfort, Kentucky, on 10th, to a vast audience from the portico of the State House, the doors of which had been closed on him. He avowed being an Emancipationist, and vindicated the patriotism of Mr. Seward. There was no disturbance.

The Cardinal Vicar of Rome has issued an edict forbidding ladies to go to church in crinoline. The confessor is to forbid them to present themselves at the altar to take the sacrament, unless they are dressed in a simple manner.

We regret to learn that Mr. Rembrandt Peale, the well-known artist, is lying dangerously ill at Stonington, Connecticut. He will be eighty-two years of age on the 22d of February next.

The Cooperstown *Democrat* states that a monument to Cooper is to be erected in that town at a cost of $3200. It will be located in the beautiful Lake Wood Cemetery, between Lake Otsego and Mount Vision and Prospect Rock, and near the spot of the "Panther scene."

A company has been formed in Washington for manufacturing wine, with a capital of $100,000. The Hon. Amos Kendall is the principal stockholder. The company contemplates using the wild grape.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS BELLE.

The Court *Circular* says: "We notice, among the obituary of the week, the death of a Mrs. Anne Wallingford. The lady was formerly the beautiful and celebrated Anne Rochforth, with whom George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, was madly in love. It is due to her memory that she successfully resisted all attempts made by his Royal Highness to compromise her honor. Some singular anecdotes of Miss Rochforth are extant. She was asked in marriage by the Duke of B—— for his son the Marquis of C——s; while the Prince of Wales solicited her to bestow her hand upon himself, backing his suit by an offer of a private marriage, princely settlement, etc. The young lady, wavering and somewhat perplexed between these two noble offers which courted her acceptance, requested Lady Jersey to give her advice how she should act. The countess recommended her not to consult her heart upon the occasion, but St. Nicholas, who was the patron saint of virgins. The saint accordingly appeared to her, but whether when sleeping or waking history is silent, but he decided against both. Soon after Miss Rochforth met Mr. Henry Wallingford, then the handsomest man of the day. A mutual passion sprung up between them, and in due course they were united. Mr. Wallingford died in 1810, so that his wife has survived him for the long term of forty-nine years."

THE QUEEN'S GOLD BEDSTEAD.

The golden bedstead which was lately presented to the Queen, and conveyed to Windsor Castle under the charge of Colonel Willoughby, has been exhibited, by the permission of her Majesty, at the conversazione of the Great Western Literary Society. The bedstead attracted, as may be supposed, immense interest and attention, and, by the description of it in a weekly contemporary, it seems to merit commendation from the beauty of its workmanship as much as from its sterling value. The bedstead, and the carpet on which it stands, are valued at £150,000.

A LADY RUNS OFF WITH HER FOOTMAN.

The correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says: "I see the scandal which has been floating about London clubs and drawing-rooms for the last few days—of Mrs. J. H. Gurney's elopement with her footman—has now found its way into the London *Times*. There can, therefore, be no further motive for keeping back a few facts in connection with the case. The lady in question was the daughter of the late Richard Gurney, by whom she had a fortune of nearly £25,000 a year, absolutely secured to herself. She was considered the richest married woman in England. All this fortune she is now free to dispose of as she likes—in enriching, if she chooses, the fortunate flunkey whom she has chosen for the partner of her flight. Her injured husband has already taken the first steps for obtaining a divorce, but such is the pressure of divorce business before Mr. Justice Cresswell's Court that his solicitor has been informed (I am told) that fourteen months are likely to elapse before the case can be brought to issue. Meanwhile, the affair is a great blow to the large and respectable Gurney connection—so well and widely known for its philanthropic activity as well as its wealth."

WOULDN'T MARRY A MAN IN DIRTY BOOTS.

A curious termination of an intended marriage took place lately at Halifax. On that day Henry Greaves, of Mount Tabor, and Mary Mitchell, of Gibbet Street, in that town, had arranged to be married at the parish church. The wedding party met before the ceremony at the Spotted Cow Inn, in Gibbet Street, and proceeded thence toward the church. When they had arrived at an inn named the Ring of Bells the bride found fault with the intended husband for not having his shoes clean. They, however, still pursued the journey; but so shocked was she on going along the aisle of the church in company with the dirty boots that she renewed her complaints, and setting at defiance all remonstrances, left the church and refused to be married. Dinner had been provided for sixteen and tea for twenty. After the return of the wedding party, the proportion of expenses to be borne by each party formed a further topic of dispute. The disappointed bridegroom refused to pay any thing unless he had the ring, which cost him ten shillings, returned, and then declined to contribute more than one half. The final issue will probably have to be decided in a court of law.

FRANCE.

THE POPE WON'T GO TO CONGRESS.

The Pope refuses to be represented in the Paris Congress unless the rumored authorship of the pamphlet entitled "*Le Pope et le Congres*" be denied by Napoleon.

A BIT OF DIPLOMATIC GOSSIP.

A letter from Vienna says: "It is an acknowledged fact that the Marquis de Moustier, in his position of French embassador at Berlin, essentially contributed to the fall of Sebastopol on the 8th September, 1855. Your readers will recollect that, in the autumn of that year, one of the royal valets, in the palace of Sans Souci, was found to have been for some time in the habit of opening the dispatch boxes and taking out the contents. A year after that discovery, which created the greatest sensation in Germany and Europe in general, the faithless servant and another individual who had assisted him in purloining the valuable papers were sentenced to eight years' penal servitude on the charge of high treason. To the political world it was no secret, even at that time, that the dispatches in question had been stolen at the instigation of a diplomatist of high standing, and that the Marquis de Moustier had been in a position to transmit their contents to the Emperor Napoleon. Many of the documents were from the pen of Count Munster, the then military embassador of Prussia at the court of St. Petersburg; and the intelligence communicated in them with respect to the fortifications of Sebastopol, and the condition of the Russian defenses in general, enabled the French commander to select for his point of attack one of the few sites from which the Crimean stronghold could be taken."

A VALUABLE DIAMOND.

A letter from Paris says: "By the arrival of the Bombay mail came hither a Mr. Amunn, having for sale a considerable parcel of diamonds, some of them quite extraordinary for size and importance. He has disposed of a few, the prices ranging from £1000 to £15,000. An uncut brilliant, of unusual magnitude, he has refused to part with for seven million francs, and stands out for £320,000, which if he can't get in Paris, he carries the gem to Amsterdam or St. Petersburg. The 'diggings' in Lucknow, and some other favorite hidden localities, during the mutiny were not unproductive."

A TAILOR SEWED UP.

An amusing story is told in the *Courrier de Lyons*. A sheriff's officer had to arrest a tailor. The man of law saw his prey at work in his shop, but some formalities are necessary before a person can be apprehended in his own house. The officer had not time for these, and the tailor had evidently no intention of issuing forth, so the former hit upon the following expedient: He retained a couple of young *gamins*, and arranged that one of them should pretend to take a pair of trowsers off the hooks over the tailor's shop, and that the other should run after him, crying "Stop thief!" The ruse succeeded; the tailor thought he was really robbed of his unmentionables, whereas he found out in a very few minutes that he had only lost his liberty. He made a pathetic appeal to the magistrate at being thus *done*, but he addressed deaf ears.

A TALE OF A BROKEN PITCHER.

We read in a Paris paper: "Every evening, about ten o'clock, a woman takes up her position under the Collert Arcade, at the corner of the Rue Vivienne, her ostensible object being to fetch water from the fountain, for which purpose, like the daughter of Laban, she carries a pitcher in her hand. As soon as she observes a gentleman advancing she quietly places her pitcher at the angle of the two streets, and hides herself in the neighboring door-way. Owing to the darkness of the spot, the gentleman probably falls over and breaks the pitcher, soils his trowsers, and hurts his shins. The woman screams. 'Be more careful another time, then,' says the gentleman, rubbing his shins. 'Ah, my good gentleman,' says the woman, weeping, 'I am indeed sorry that your clothes should be soiled like that.' And she sheds enough tears to fill another pitcher. The gentleman consoles her, and affirms that it does not much matter, as he can easily change his inexpressibles, and at the same time adds how much he regrets having broken her pitcher. At this her sobs redouble. 'The pitcher,' says she, 'was not mine, and I have no money to replace it.' The gentleman, melted by her distress, puts his hand in his pocket and gives two, three, and sometimes even five francs to the unfortunate woman, who then goes to buy another pitcher, to be broken by some other gentleman—and so on till midnight. As there are women who practice this profitable trick near all the fountains in Paris, it has given birth to a new species of industry. There are now men who mend these broken pitchers."

ELECTROBIOLOGY UNDER A NEW NAME.

The *Tribune* Paris correspondent writes: "Take any small brightish object, a knife blade, pen-holder, half dime, for example, hold it before a person's eyes, a little within the and above the range of his or (which is better) her easy vision, so that when she looks at it, and thinks of it fixedly, as she must be engaged to do, she will have to squint convergently, upwardly, and abominably, and the chances are, that in a space of from one to three minutes she will have passed into a state of unnatural sleep, nervous sleep, artificial catalepsy—what two weeks ago we would have styled (with more or less of a sneering tone, most of us) magnetic sleep—what we now solemnly style *Hypnotism*. Now you may raise her two feet from the floor, tickle the palms of them, pull out the eyebrows, set out one arm like a pump-handle, throw up the other like a flagstaff, cut off one of them if need be, and she will not move, complain, or feel fatigue or pain. When you have experimented sufficiently, blow upon her eyes, rubbing the latter gently, if you choose, with your fingers, and she will wake up utterly unconscious of all that has happened.

"Here is an invaluable anesthetic method, a welcome rival to chloroform, for the doctors and suffering patients—a key, it is hoped, for the philosophers to open the mysteries of animal magnetism, turn out the humbug, and charlatanism, and superstition, and insanity, and losel spirits (who had better stay in heaven, or the other place, wherever they can prove residence), and let in scientific light, and careful observation, and common sense, and philosophy."

ITS SUCCESS IN PARIS.

He adds: "All medical Paris is busy now with experiments in Hypnotism. The above supposed case is the summary or generalizing of the chief phenomena of all the successful experiments. Dr. Broca, an eminent surgeon here, at the suggestion of Dr. Azam, of Bordeaux, who had been set to look into the matter by reading a book of Dr. Braid, of Manchester, England, published in 1843—Dr. Broca, I say, began his experiments last month, in one of them performing what would otherwise have been a painful operation, on a patient who was utterly unconscious of it till it was over, and she restored to her natural state. He made a report of his experiments, which Velpeau, one of the greatest and most incredulous tough old surgeons of the world, consented to read before the Academy of the Sciences. Velpeau is too careful of his great reputation, as well as too careful and cautious a man, to countersign Dr. Broca's note. But the mere fact of his reading it immediately gave its statements a certain authority. It was as if he had said to all members of the profession: 'Here, these experiments are respectable; you can go on and make more without risking your little professional dignities and reputations, and run of practice. I, Velpeau, have said it.'

"And now all hands—Trousseau, Nelaton, and all the lesser and little ones—are setting their private patients and inmates of the hospitals squinting inwardly, upwardly, and abominably to a cataleptic degree, and under the new title (invented by Braid in 1843) of *hypnotism* (which is Greek, *hupnos*, for sleepism, nothing more), are seriously investigating facts, which, under the old and modern titles of inspiration, enchantment, fascination, spirit-power, witch's power, devil's power, trance, ecstasy, animal magnetism, charlatans from the time of the old Egyptian priests, down to this month of December and 'Professor' Wapshot, have made use and profit of, duping superstitious millions, and driving mad unhappy thousands."

A FRENCH TRAGEDY.

A trial at the assizes of Correze has excited considerable sensation. An elderly man appeared before the tribunal accused of the murder of his daughter, by the infliction of blows on her head by means of a hatchet, which severed the skull. Of the facts there could be no doubt, but the causes assigned induced the jury to pronounce him "Not Guilty." It appears that his daughter, Antoinette Rouvais, had been seduced by her cousin. When circumstances rendered it too apparent to be passed unnoticed, she declared that it was the result of violation. An inquiry was instituted, which showed that there was no truth in her statement. She avowed the truth to her parents, hoping for their forgiveness. In this she was doomed to disappointment. Her father, a man of high honor, the strictest integrity, and unimpeachable veracity, had sunk into a state of melancholy on finding the dishonor of his family. Some hopes, however, were entertained that a marriage with her seducer would have effaced the recollection of what had occurred; but these hopes were not realized, to the sad disappointment of the father, who attempted suicide by hanging, in which he was prevented by the daughter, who had gone to the granary, where she found her father. He, in a state of madness, seized the instrument which was near him, and with it attacked and killed his child. He appeared on his trial overwhelmed with affliction, acknowledged what he had done, which was the result of the feeling that the dishonor of his family was too great to be borne. The mayor of the village having been called upon to state what he knew of the defendant, spoke of him in the highest terms, describing the family as a model of domestic union and internal happiness. Amidst the tears of the audience the verdict of *non culpabilité* was given, and his family surrounded the father with expressions of tenderness and warm feeling.

ITALY.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN TROUBLE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* contains a letter from Naples, dated December 10, which says: "Mr. Alfred Major, an English resident silk-merchant at Naples, on the 8th instant, was riding on horseback at the camp where the troops were assembled for the grand mass. He was smoking his cigar, which is not allowed at that moment at that place. A gendarme approached him and ordered him to put away the cigar. The gentleman laughed, took no notice, and continued smoking. The gendarme then, with his bayonet, attempted to thrust the cigar from his mouth, for which impertinence the Englishman horsewhipped him. The gendarme then, with the bayonet, and without any further ceremony, seriously wounded him. Doctors Strange and Bishop are now attending Mr. Major, and say the wound is dangerous, and may result mortally. Mr. Major's conduct was undoubtedly in bad taste, and a little too English."

SPAIN.

ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE QUEEN.

At latest dates there was nothing of importance respecting the war between the Moors and Spaniards. The Queen of Spain has been safely delivered of a princess.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

The war between the Spaniards and the Moors appears to be carried out in the spirit of extermination. The Moors, we are told, display their usual valor, refusing quarter and giving none. There has been some desperate fighting in a wood in rear of the principal Spanish redoubt, in which the Spaniards are declared to have sustained a loss of 300 or 400 men killed and wounded. A letter from Algesiras contains this passage: "An officer told me that in one of the previous actions three Moors were surrounded, and had no chance of getting away; they stood firm, waited the approach of their enemies, deliberately aimed and fired their espingardas, and then bent their heads to receive their death-blow." The Spaniards, in twenty days, have had a *thousand* men put *hors de combat* by this furious foe. The writer adds, "The Spanish troops display excellent spirit, but they will need more decided advantages to sustain it in presence of the many hardships they have to suffer."

AUSTRIA.

PROSPECTS OF ANOTHER REVOLT IN HUNGARY.

Austria seems to be doing all in her power to produce another revolt in Hungary. A letter from the Hungarian capital, by way of Paris, contains the account of the following monstrous outrage: "While a Protestant meeting was being held in Pesth on the subject of the Imperial patent, a multitude of Roman Catholics, who had been attending a mass in honor of the national poet Kisfaludy, assembled outside the place of meeting to show their sympathy with their Protestant brethren. Soon afterward a body of infantry and cavalry, with fixed bayonets and swords, rushed in among the unoffending crowd, and dispersed it in a very brutal fashion. The people were doing nothing illegal; they had created no disturbance, and they had not even been summoned to disperse." If this mode of procedure does not play Kossuth's game we shall be greatly surprised. Most people now entertain his opinion of the Hapsburgs.

RUSSIA.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN FROG.

We translate from the *Gazette de Helsingborg* another of the stories of ancient frogs which have puzzled naturalists so long:

"In digging for the foundations of a gasometer a live frog was found at the depth of fifteen feet, and at about the level of the sea, in a compact bed of sand. He had no mouth, or rather his mouth was hermetically sealed by the growing together of his upper and lower jaws. Although his eyes were wide open, he appeared to be blind. He was imbedded in the sand as in a mould; his vitality and vivacity increased gradually as he became accustomed to the light and the fresh air. When he was first seen his skin was spotted with red; after a few hours the spots changed from red to yellow."

CHINA.

APPLICATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

Advices from China state that the Government of the empire had applied for American mediation in the threatened war between China and England and France. The ship *Flora Temple*, bound to Havana with eight hundred coolies, had been lost in the China Sea.

JAPAN.

THE EMBASSY TO THE UNITED STATES.

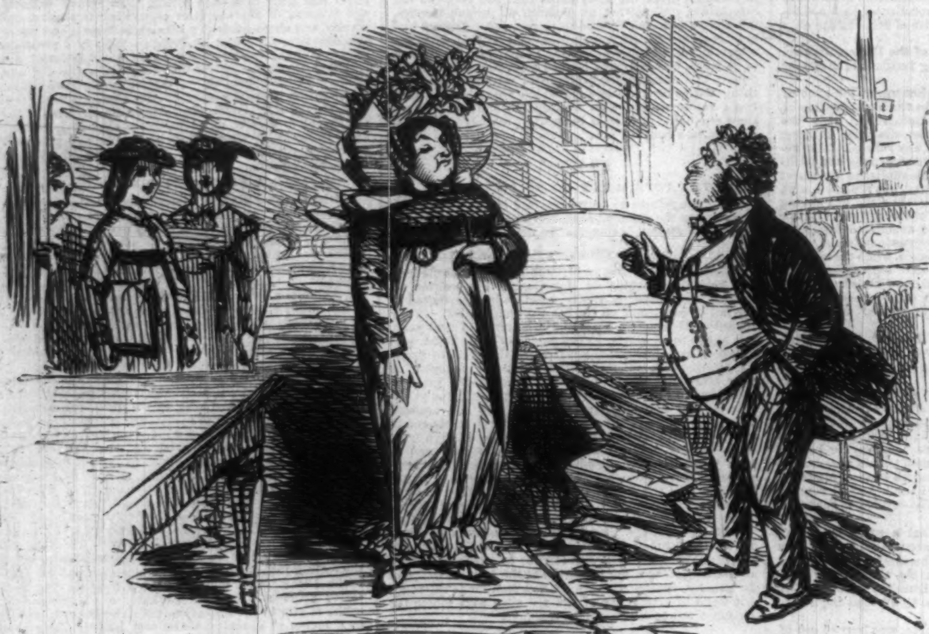
Late advices from Japan contain official notice from Mr. Harris, United States Minister in Jeddo, to the effect that the native embassy to Washington would embark on the *Powhatan* on the 22d of February, and travel *via* the Sandwich Islands to Panama, and thence to Washington direct from Aspinwall. The embassy would number in all seventy persons. An increasing trade was going on between San Francisco and the Japanese ports.

ST. DOMINGO.

TROUBLE WITH EUROPEAN POWERS.

Letters from St. Domingo City, written on the 13th ult., state that a European fleet, consisting of two French, one British, and one Spanish vessels of war, lay before the place, having been sent out in order more immediately to force the existing government to recognize the immense amounts of worthless paper money with which President Baez flooded the country in 1857–'58.

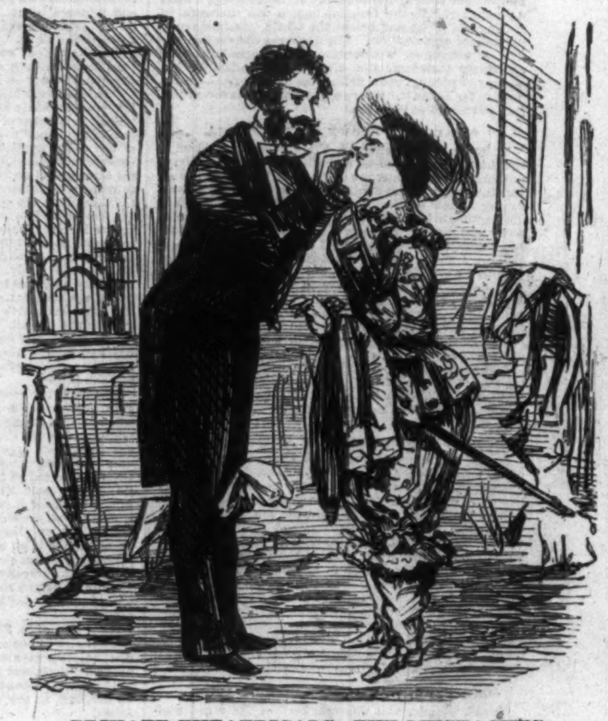
A BROADSHEET OF GOOD T



THE FASHION FOR 1860.

Paterfamilias. "Good Heavens, Mrs. J., are you going a masquerading?"

Mrs. J. "No, my dear, 'tis only the new fashion. You have been going on so long about hoops that I thought I would try how you liked this sort of thing. So come, Jones, come out for a walk."



PRIVATE THEATRICALS—THE MUSTACHES.

Alice (*a wicked Marquis*). "But have you made me fierce enough, Charles?"

Charles. "Fierce! ferocious!"

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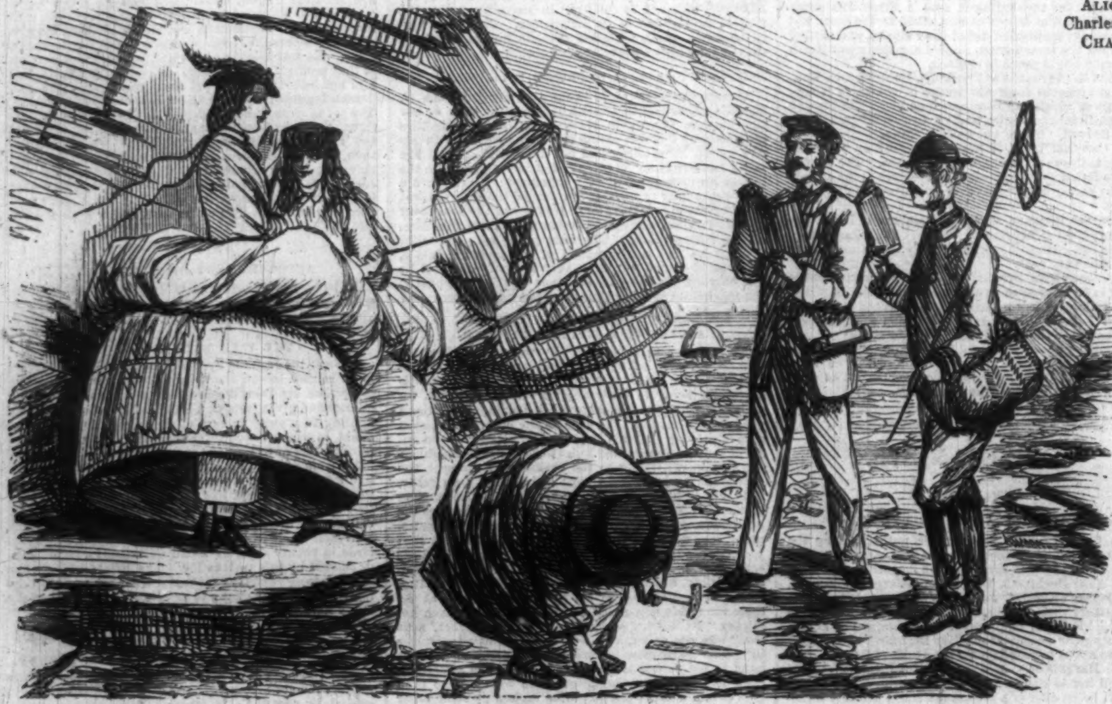
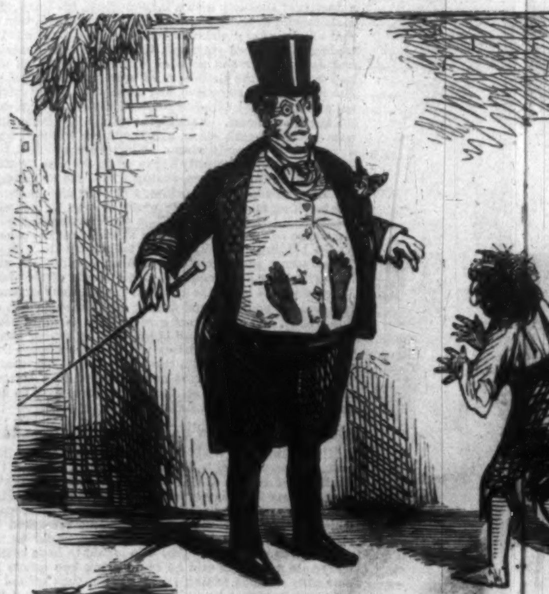
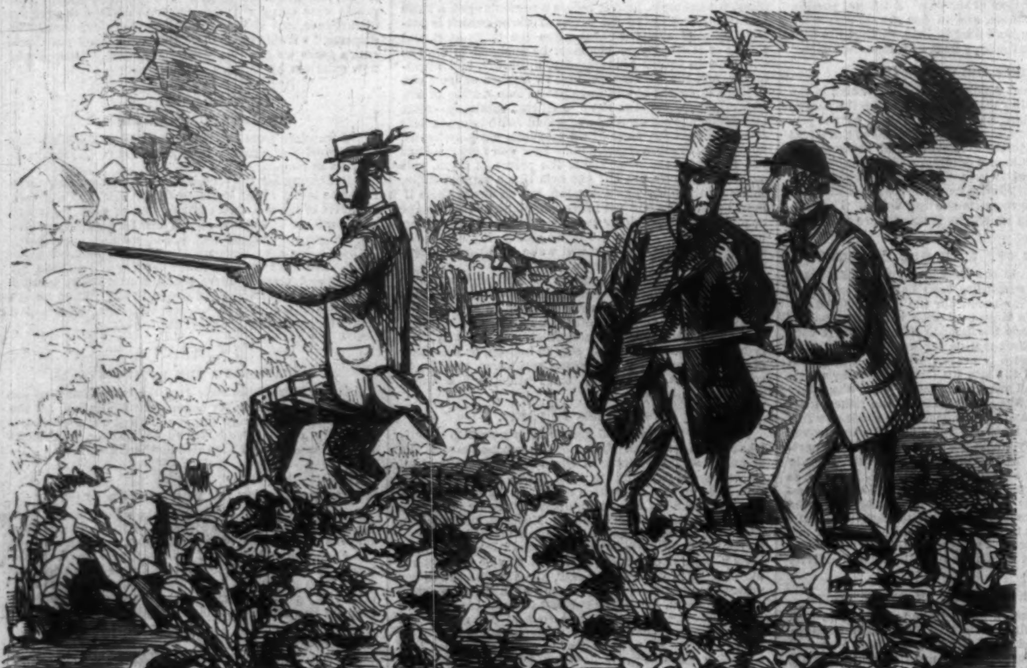


SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

Impertinent Cousin (*reads*). "The rocks along our Coast may be seen studded with these beautiful zoophites. * * * * The skin is soft, and the tentacles are of the finest violet, mingled often with pink, mauve, green, and yellow; indeed the colors vary so much in different individuals, all alike beautiful, that it is impossible to describe them rigidly. * * * * During the ebb of the tide, these creatures may be contemplated on a fine day to great advantage, and few spectacles are calculated to afford more pleasure to a lover of nature." "H'm! here are two lovely specimens, Fred; you take one, and I'll take the other!"



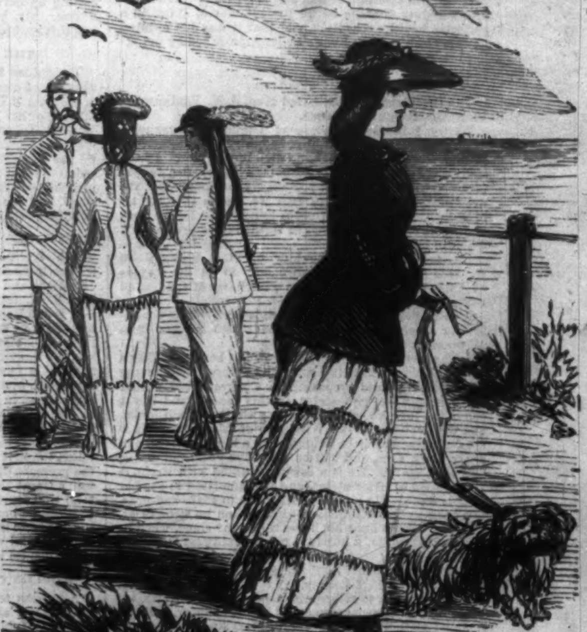
"It is not a pleasant thing, when going out to dinner, to have a su your stom—we mean waistcoat."



NOT SO BAD AS HE SEEMS.

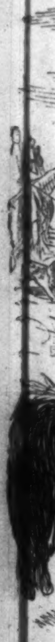
Country Friend (*apropos of City ditto*). "Upon my word, Thomas, if I had thought he had been so dangerous, I wouldn't have brought him out."

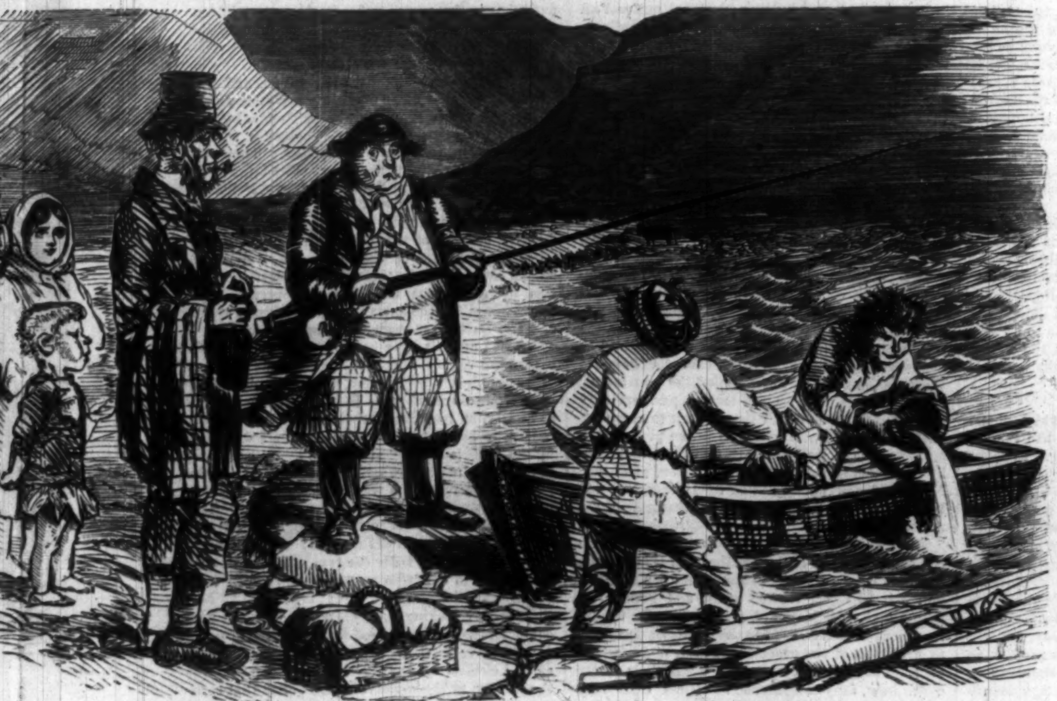
Attendant. "Well, he du shoot a leetle wild, Sir; but it ain't o' much consequence. I load for un, and I don't put no shot in!"



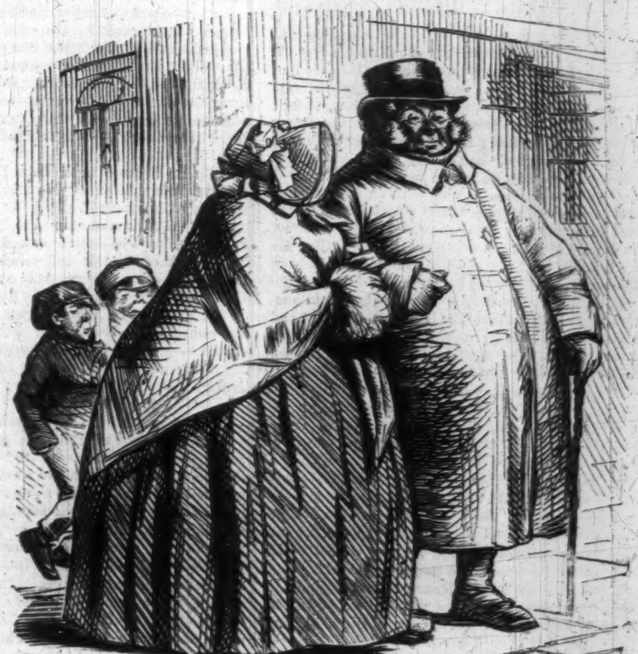
THE FASHION FOR NEXT SUMMER.

Flora. "There, I don't think the stupid men can laugh at us now."



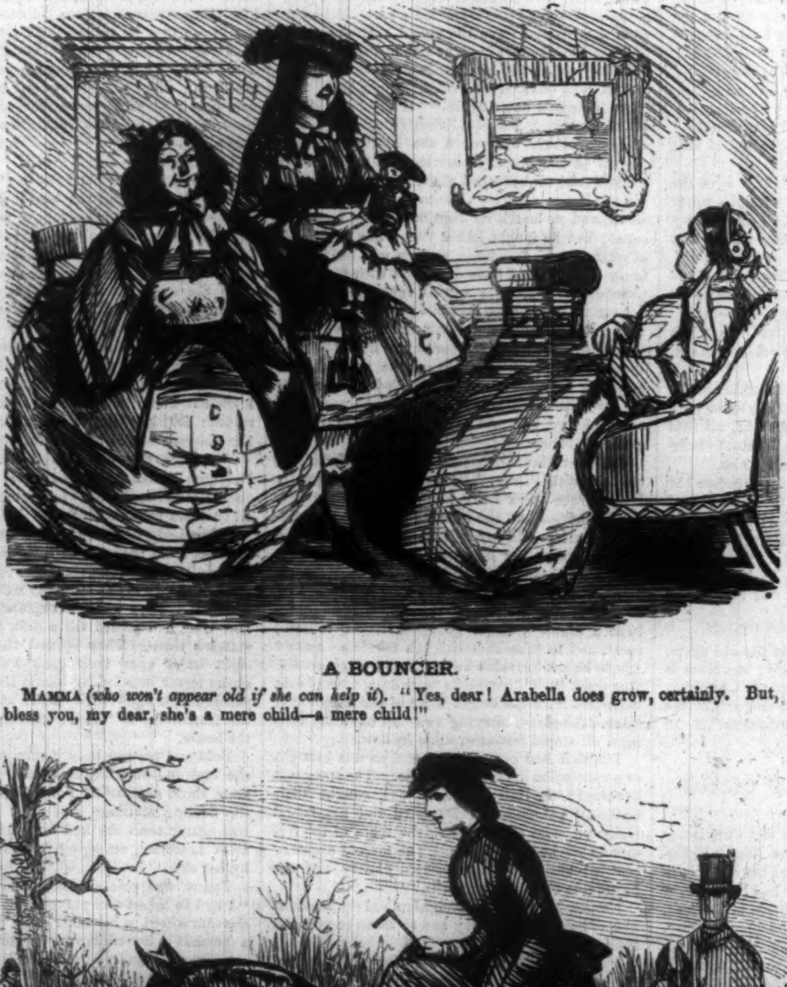


ty Tourist. "But the boat seems very leaky, and to want mending a good deal."
ish Boatman. "Want mendin', is it? Och, niver fear! Shure the boat's well enough. If ye sit still, and don't coff or snaze, she'll carry
retty well!"



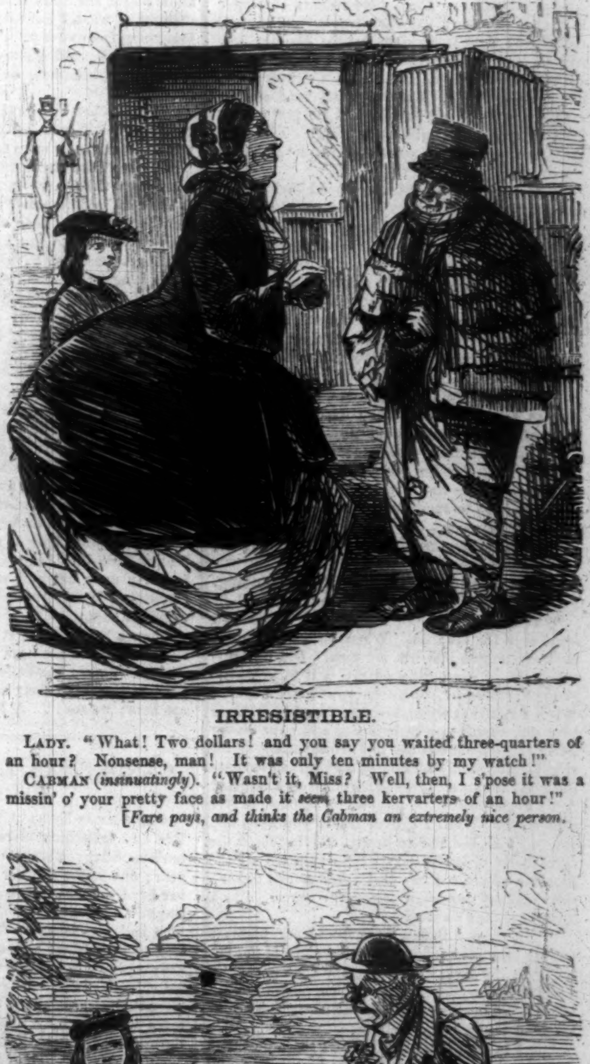
Sagacious Boy. "There go two prize 'uns, eh Johnny! They warn't fed on taters."

a summersault turned on to



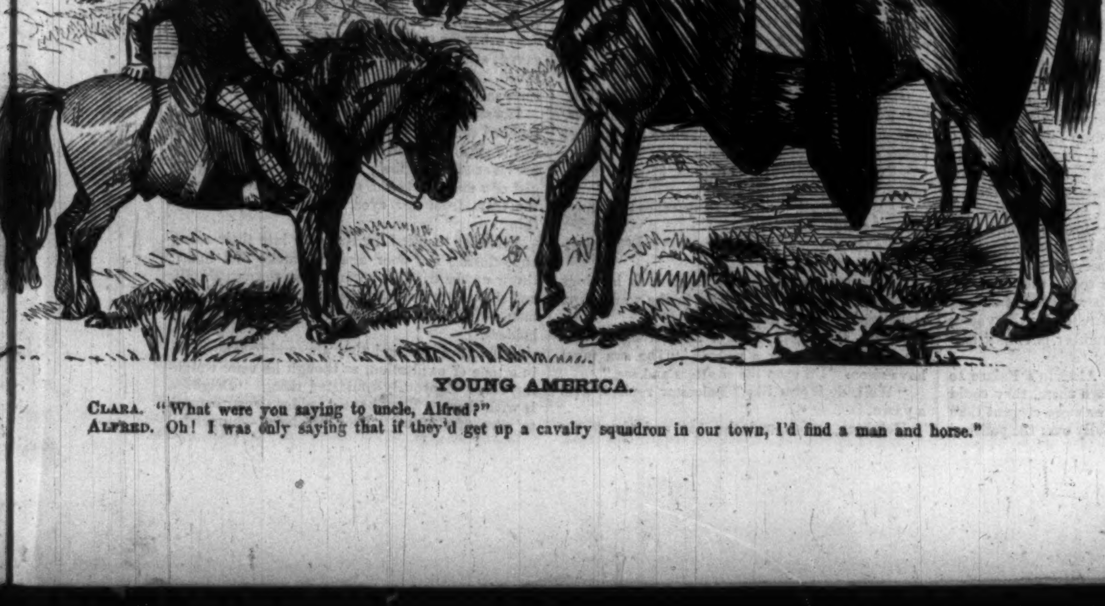
A BOUNCER.

Mamma (*who won't appear old if she can help it*). "Yes, dear! Arabella does grow, certainly. But, bless you, my dear, she's a mere child—a mere child!"



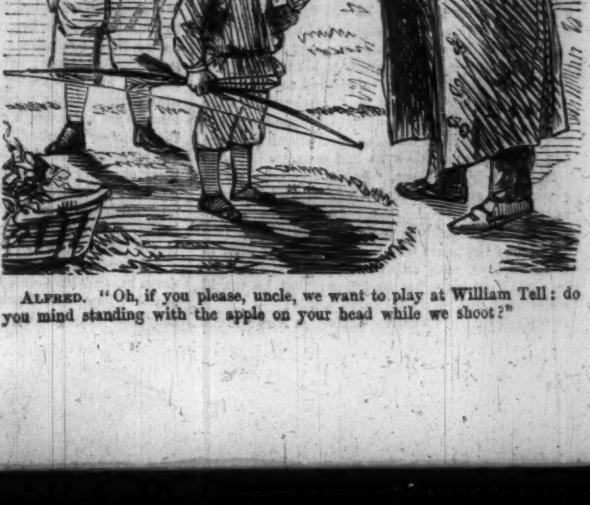
IRRESISTIBLE.

Lady. "What! Two dollars! and you say you waited three-quarters of an hour? Nonsense, man! It was only ten minutes by my watch!"
Cabman (*insinuatingly*). "Wasn't it, Miss? Well, then, I s'pose it was a missin' o' your pretty face as made it *seem* three kervarters of an hour!"
[*Fare pays, and thinks the Cabman an extremely nice person.*



YOUNG AMERICA.

Clara. "What were you saying to uncle, Alfred?"
Alfred. Oh! I was only saying that if they'd get up a cavalry squadron in our town, I'd find a man and horse."



Alfred. "Oh, if you please, uncle, we want to play at William Tell; do you mind standing with the apple on your head while we shoot?"

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A BEETLE came out of its hiding-place and looked at him. A spider crawled up his leg and examined it; but he did not move. He sat alone in his lodging, a dark, sombre man. In the room beneath there were sounds of merriment, and he had caught, as he mounted the stairs, the flutter of dresses in the hall; and a murmur of children's voices and laughter had reached him; so he shut the door close that he might hear nothing.

On the table stood a tray with an isolated cup and saucer and a tea-pot, and a little kettle on the hob kept bursting into wheezy snatches of song, to remind him that it was there waiting. But the dark man's head leaned on his hands, his hands on his knees, and his great black shadow darkened the wall behind. The little spirits that had been hurrying to and fro among the red coals came out and looked at him, but he never stirred. They perched upon his chair and upon his knee; they gathered in solemn conclave upon the hearth-rug.

"There was a Christmas fire not so long ago," began a little spirit, nodding solemnly at the kettle, "very different from this. We were there, for we are the spirits of the Christmas fires. How it leaped and crackled in the grate, and sent out a jolly red-hot glow all round the room! How it shone out on wreaths of evergreens, and its frolicking lights kissed the red berries on the walls! And little feet daintily shod came in upon the oak floor; bright faces laughed back at the jolly old fire, and there was sweet music and dancing and merriment. *He* was there, and he had singled out his partner from among the merry ones. Close at her side he kept through the dance, the song, and the game, and though her pretty head was bent a little, and her merriment quieter than the rest, she seemed to like it too. There was a world of happiness—half fearful, half trusting—in her young face, as beautiful as it was gentle.

"But when the music was heard no longer, and the dainty shoes had ceased to dance upon the oak floor; when the jolly fire had sunk a little lower—nothing to be compared with that bit of rubbish though—he led his partner back from the door-way timidly. There were sounds of supper in a distant room; but they wanted no supper, these two; they stood alone by the friendly fire, and the gentle one trembled a little, with a flush on her cheek deeper, perhaps, than fire or dancing could call up. But he—that dark, sombre man—held her hand in his, and he put on her finger, tenderly, a glistening ring. We were there, we saw it, and we wished them 'A Merry Christmas!'"

Then all the little spirits clapped their hands and chorused out "A Merry Christmas!"

Then there was a mourning sound among the little spirits, and another took up the tale.

"There was a Christmas fire not so long ago," he began, sorrowfully, "which shone upon the same oak floor, and lighted up wreaths of the same evergreens, and there had been merriment, but it was hushed. No light footstep trod the floor, no gentle one stood by the friendly fire, but other sounds were heard.

"He was there, then, passion on his face, and rage in his clenched fist, and opposite to him—white and angry too—his only brother.

"'You have dared'—cried out the dark man—'you have dared to put your miserable foot across my path—to take away that which was dearer to me than life—to steal from me that which was mine faithfully once—'

"The pale brother's head was bent, but his words were bitter.

"'You kept your secret close. I knew nothing. I dared to love. What sin was there in that?'

"'Puny coward! In my father's house you were ever the favorite. When we were children my very tongue was not my own. Did any dispute arise, I must give up my will to you—the youngest—because, forsooth, you were weakly! When I left that home, because I could no longer bear the constant bickerings you and your tender sister raised between us, you triumphed. I, the eldest, gave up my birthright and turned out into the world for you. Is the sacrifice never complete? Am I to give up to you my heart's blood—the love of my life? Shall I grovel before you now, and bid you take her and be happy, holding forth the right hand of brotherhood? So help me all the passions of my nature—no! Across my father's threshold my foot shall pass never again. I look upon your face no more!'

"'Be it so. Before I go from your presence forever hear me confess that mine alone is the folly, mine the love. Hear me say that never, by word or action, has she broken her plighted truth to you. Me you have always distrusted—let your vengeance end there.'

"But in that dark man's heart there burned a flame harder to quench than the hottest fire, and the fuel which fed it was jealousy, distrust, and wrath. When the little figure, once so joyous, stood before him sorrowful; when she lifted her troubled face wistfully, and prayed him to say what she had done, why did he not listen? Should he not have remembered how they stood there alone on that other Christmas night, and the words that were spoken then? Ah! he did remember, and the thought of that great happiness lost to him forever—for he did not believe her—lent strength to his jealous anger and bitterness to his tongue. He scorned her justification; he pointed to the blush which tinged her cheek—a blush of shame, not for herself, but for his unmanly suspicion—he called it a witness against her; he discredited her pure truth, for, he said, his eyes had seen her listen to another's words of love. So deceived, he would never trust again; henceforth he should be alone in the world.

"Oh! how could he look into her gentle face and doubt the heart which cried out after him, in its great love, with an exceeding bitter cry, that he would not leave her in anger; that he would come back and recall his harsh words!

"Shall he have a merry Christmas who left the gentle one alone with the reproaches he had heaped upon her—alone on the deserted hearth, to bear her sorrow as she could? He who, when the news reached him that his father was gone away to his place—that his home was broken up—that over his sister and the poor pale brother, fragile from youth, hung the iron hand of poverty—hugged the knowledge to his heart, with the bitter thought that it served them right—shall he have a merry Christmas?"

"No, no!" came forth from the little chorus-singers, mournfully. "No Christmas for him; no merry Christmas!"

Then the dark man started to his feet suddenly, and great drops of moisture stood on his forehead, and a look of despair and remorse distorted his features. What dream had come to him this Christmas night—what had he been doing?

The little spirits have hurried back among the few remaining red coals, and nothing is to be seen of them—nothing is to be heard but the heavy breathing of the dark man as he thinks over his dream.

* * * * * * *

There was another Christmas fire which shone upon the oak floor of which the spirits had talked, and lighted up a few scattered evergreens; but the room was not decked for a merry party; there was no laughter, no song, no dance.

On the friendly hearth stands the gentle one; and there too, but not near her, is he who once placed a glistening ring upon her finger, and whose barbarous heel had ground it into a shapeless mass on that same hearth-stone. In the shadow he stands, with a bent head, silent; for though she is there to listen to him, his heart fails when he thinks of the past, and he knows not what to say.

"Mary—" It seems he can go no further, so many words rush to his lips; and she stands there so statue-like—a figure about which hangs no tender memory from the past, no hope for the future.

"You sent for me—I am here."

"Oh, Mary! your heart is steeled against me, and justly. If words of mine could speak my deep repentance and remorse—if years of penance could undo my madness, for I was mad—if you could know how I shrink in horror from myself and the thought of what I have done—then I might hope something from your pity."

Silent still, and statue-like. Oh, memory of that other Christmas, come back and give him hope!

"My brother has forgiven, and my sister. I would ask, will you be less merciful?—but that you have more, far more to forgive."

"Through all these weary months," says the listener on the hearth—and his head sinks lower at the cold, dead tones—"through all these weary months there has been that within which told me you would one day know the wrong you did. Whatever there may have been to forgive, it is forgiven long ago. The ring which you crushed is here. I have kept it for you; will you take it?"

"Oh, Mary, hear me! I am changed—changed. Your lip says 'Forgiven,' but your voice denies it. Mary—"

But the hand trembles which he takes in his; he sees that her face is pale, and tears are shining in the blue eyes. All these weary months, all that cruelty, all those false accusations, have not crushed out from her heart its great love for him.

On the hearth they stand together, before the friendly fire; into that fire drops the crushed and battered pledge of a broken betrothal; let its memory melt away with its form. A change has passed over the sombre face of the dark man; a ray of beauty from hers brightens it as he looks down tenderly upon her and whispers, "Is it a happy Christmas, Mary?"

"It is happy."

Then a bright glow starts up in the old grate, and the two can not hear it, perhaps; but there is a chorus among the little spirits of the Christmas fires, as they clap their hands and sing out, "We are here; we see it. A Merry Christmas!"

CANDLEMAS EVE AT CRAIGLEIGH.

CANDLEMAS EVE at Craigleigh was Candlemas Eve and something more. It was Fanny Eglinton's birthday; on it she would reach her eighteenth year; and before another summer had passed over her head she was to become the bride of the heir, Captain Leicester Maynard, of the Bengal army, who had just returned from India. Open house was to be kept for rich and poor that day, and in the evening a grand ball was to take place—a ball for old and young. The grown-up people were to have the picture gallery to dance in, and the little folks were to enjoy themselves, unmolested and unrestrained, in the French drawing-room. The eventful day arrived, and visitors descended, like an invading army, not only upon the Grange, but also upon the neighboring village. The "Maynard Arms" was full to the attics, and every body who had a lodging to let soon found a tenant in some prudent bachelor who preferred a strange room to a long, cold drive home after the ball.

The old gallery looked splendidly, and as night came on seemed to brighten more and more, as one by one the guests began to drop in. There had been a little confusion attending dressing, especially in the fastnesses; because when lights were demanded all at once by seventeen young ladies, nine mammas, six papas, and ten other persons, there were not enough candlesticks to supply half the number required. In this emergency wine bottles were pressed into the service, and if an unwary observer had visited the rooms the following morning he would have been bewildered at finding how much claret had been discussed by the young ladies, as evidenced by the number of empty bottles to be seen upon their toilet-tables.

However, if they had had Aladdin's Palace to dress in, and his Genii to adorn them, they could scarcely have looked prettier or more elegant than they did—some gliding gracefully over the polished floor, others tripping it coquettishly, as if not liking to stand alone for admiration, but one and all wending their way to the far end of the gallery, where Sir Robert had stationed himself to receive his guests.

Some officers of the —— Regiment, with whom Leicester had been garrisoned in India, were among the first arrivals, and then began the ball in earnest. The grim old knights who hung on the walls scowled a darker scowl than ever as the fair young girls flew over the polished floor, and the inspiring music and the merry laughter rose up to the roof, shaking the old banners in their faces. More and more arrivals, fresh revelers, poured in at every moment, and soon the old gallery was full—full of welcome, full of merriment, full of hospitality.

It soon became clear that the notion of keeping the denizens of the two ball-rooms separate was impracticable. What! were the grown people to take no part in the forfeits, be shut out from the privilege of dancing with the rising belles, and be forbidden to see the conjurer? Perish the thought! Were the small boys to be denied the inestimable honor of dancing with the largest partners they could find? Was a tall Guardsman to carry off Lotty Claire to waltz with him in the picture gallery, and Jack Eglinton not to follow and defy him? Such tyranny would have caused an *émeute*. No! Old and young mixed freely together, and it is hard to say which enjoyed themselves the most.

After supper, when the jaded musicians had retired to have their innings at the good things, Jack Eglinton dragged the grand piano out of a recess in which it had been stowed away, and Fanny (his sister) and Ada Maynard played a waltz for the impatient juveniles. Then the mistletoe was hung to the knob of the great chandelier, under which all the merry dancers passed. Bless their pretty eyes, how they brightened! Bless their rosy cheeks, how they blushed! There was Jack—handsome, honest Jack Eglinton—great in the *renvers*, figuring away with Lotty Claire in the centre of the room. He had private mistletoe arrangements of his own, and refrained from joining in the mêlée that followed. Henry Maynard (Leicester's younger brother) seized a sprig of berries from a vase, and gave the signal. Every available scrap of the magic plant was in instant requisition for a dozen of his friends and school-fellows, and it was soon "turn round," "join lips," "up the middle and down again." Every body kissed his own partner, and Tom Bright (the "funny boy" of the evening, who wore the Knave of Clubs pinned to the lappel of his coat, in token of his twelfth cake rank) rushed about, kissing other people's—all but Charley Howard's. Charley was small, and no match for Tom in any less inspiring cause; but he fought like a young lion in defense of pretty Laura Steadman, so Tom was baffled. I fancy Laura would have dispensed with his championship, for Tom was a great favorite. Had he not sung a comic song that had put the whole room in a roar? Did he not detect the conjurer in one of his cleverest tricks? Poor, brave little Charlie! When, half an hour afterward, he made formal proposals for the hand of his offended partner upon the strength of his late achievement, he was called a stupid boy, and told to go away! Oh, the ingratitude of woman!

Leicester Maynard went to the piano-forte and chatted with Fanny. Lady Grace—dear, gentle Lady Grace—took baby Maude and danced her. What business had she to come brushing the mistletoe berries with her soft, perfumed curls, when she knew that her lover—Cecil Deighton, of the Guards—Inkermann Deighton—was looking on, and that no one would dare to take advantage of her tantalizing position? Why did that pudding-headed fellow Clogger go about trying to spoil sport, and to take Tom Bright's mistletoe away? I hope he got his shins kicked, and I think he did. But these little drawbacks were as a drop of rain compared with the bright wave of merriment that flooded the place, carrying away all unkindly feelings, all stupid restraint, upon its flow.

The ball had begun early, and so was brought to a conclusion in reasonable time. The last guest departed; the inmates, tired out, sought their beds—all but Leicester Maynard and his friend Deighton, who adjourned to the room of the former to smoke their cigars. The morose ancestry scowled unseen in the deserted gallery, and the hospitable old house was still.

Neither Maynard nor Deighton had the remotest idea of going to bed, they had so much to talk and think about.

"Leicester," said Deighton, after they had sat for some time puffing away in silence, "what o'clock is it?"

"Only half past four."

"How light the mornings are getting! Is that the sun or the moon shining through the chinks in the shutter?"

"Never mind the sun or the moon, old fellow! How about your own particular star? What have you and Lady Grace been talking about all night? Is it settled at last, eh?"

"Don't chaff?"

"No—but is it?"

"Well, she says so."

"By Jove! I wish you joy," cried Leicester, wringing his friend's hand. "You're the luckiest fellow in the world—next to me."

"I wonder what she is doing now?" said Deighton, gravely, gazing into the fire.

"Repeating all your absurd speeches to Fanny, I'll be bound."

"Do they occupy the same room, then?" Deighton inquired.

"Yes; we are all packed as close as herrings in a cask to-night. They sleep in the west wing, right opposite our window."

"That light gets stronger and stronger," said the Guardsman, after a pause. "The sun must have risen. I'll open the shutters and see."

"Well, do if you like," Leicester replied, with a yawn.

Deighton unfastened the bar and threw the shutters apart. As he did so a red, lurid glare flashed into the room, and, uttering a cry of anguish, he sprang back and seized his friend by the arm.

The west wing was in one sheet of flame!

The alarm had already been given, and the friends saw by the blaze of the conflagration scores of laborers and servants hurrying from all directions to the scene of the fire. Leicester rushed from the room, followed by Deighton. They tore down the dark stairs, shouting "Fire! fire!" as they passed on toward the west wing. Deighton could but follow his friend, knowing nothing himself of the intricate corridors and passages that led to that portion of the old house, and when, on dashing open one of the doors, a hot cloud of smoke burst forth in their faces, he lost sight of him for a moment, took a wrong turning, and found himself in the entrance-hall, amidst a crowd of terror-stricken men and fainting women.

Fearful must it have been to those young girls—sleeping calmly and happily after the fatigues of their night's enjoyment, perchance dreaming over again some word or look earnest enough to have written itself upon their memories—fearful, indeed, to have their peaceful slumbers dispelled by the terrible cry of "Fire! fire!" No one knew how near it might be. Fire around her, and she in a strange room, the way to escape from which was unknown to her, or in her fear forgotten. Fire! and in her haste to fly she might unwittingly rush into the midst of the blaze! Fire! which, when safe herself from danger, was threatening those dear to her, who were still unrescued from the flaming building. "Fire! fire! fire!" Mothers wildly seeking their children; children who could hardly be restrained from rushing into the flames to seek their parents. Of this dreadful scene Leicester Maynard saw but little, for he was thundering at the massive oaken portal that separated Fanny's apartments from the rest of the west wing. He dashed himself with all his force against the locked door; it was immovable! He shouted until his voice failed; no answer! He burst into a room where his father's lathe and carpentering tools were kept, and, seizing a broad axe, threw himself once more upon the old door, and, between the blows that he rained thick and fast upon it, shouted, "Awake, Fanny! Lady Grace, awake! Fire! fire! It is I, Leicester, who calls; unlock the door. Fire!" There was no answer; but the oak began to yield under the axe. One good blow, and the lock would part from the panel. It was given.

The head of the axe flew off!

With his bare hands Leicester tore away the splintered wood, and the heavy door, wrenching off the hinges in its fall, dropped with a loud crash into the passage.

The great rush of air caused by the falling mass drove back for a moment the flames and smoke from the staircase beyond; but he had hardly sprang half-way up when they closed behind him, roaring more furiously than ever.

It was then that Leicester heard Deighton's voice calling, in a wild, choked voice, upon Grace to rouse herself and fly to him. Poor fellow, he knew not where to find her. Leicester shouted in return; told him that to follow was impossible, as the staircase was already tottering.

"Ladders and ropes to the window! quick, Deighton! See to it yourself; it is our only chance of saving them. Leave me here; I will do all that can be done." * * * *

When Lady Grace and Fanny had at last retired to their room they felt as little inclined for sleep as their lovers. Young ladies have generally quite enough to talk about after any ball to last till next morning. They chatted on, and never guessed how time had passed till a dull, heavy knocking startled them. They opened their door, and a sight burst upon their gaze well calculated to strike terror into bolder hearts than theirs. The passage was filled with smoke and flames, while the fearful cry of "Fire!" resounded throughout the house.

Bold and prompt in any emergency, as soon as she had in some degree calmed the fears of her more timid companion Fanny ran to the head of the flaming staircase and cried for help. Help was nearer than she had hoped, for the next moment Leicester, emerging from the smoke, stood by her side.

Fanny was pale as death and fearfully calm. "I had so hoped and prayed that you were safe," she murmured in her lover's ear, as she paused for a moment in her endeavors to restore Grace to consciousness; "and you are here."

"To save you, darling!"

"Ah! I fear it is to perish with me."

Better so than to live without you. But we are losing precious moments. For the love of life, Lady Grace, don't faint again! Do rouse yourself!" he cried, in his wild agony.

"Hush!" said Fanny; "you are too impetuous. Dear Grace," she whispered, gently, in her friend's ear, "we are all in great danger. We depend upon each other for safety, under God. We must all be saved, or all— But, please God, we may all be saved. Be a brave girl, darling, for Cecil Deighton's sake."

It was enough. Fanny, with womanly tact, had touched the right chord. There was warrior blood in the gentle patrician's veins, which the name of her lover set in a glow; and the cowering, weeping girl of a moment before sprang to her feet, dashed the tears from her eyes, and was ready for any thing.

Leicester then led the two girls into their room, and, closing the door against smoke and flame, threw up the window, sprang upon the outside sill, and shouted to the crowd below to hasten the movements of those who had gone in search of ropes and ladders.

"They are coming! they are coming!" he cried, in a tone of exultation, as though he were watching some vigorously-contested race. "Deighton is with them. They have a ladder strong enough to save fifty of us. They are here!—hurrah!—

they are here!" and Leicester almost screamed with joy and excitement. On they came. Let the flames roar, and the old house crumble beneath their fiery tongues. What matter?—his darling would be safe. Oh, the wild joy of giving her scathless to her old father's arms!

Up rose the heavy ladder, foot by foot; but, oh, how slowly did it seem to rise, though strong arms and willing hearts were strained to the utmost! Up it rose, till it stood trembling on end in the air. Leicester could hear his own heart beating as the top was lowered slowly toward the window. *It was full twenty feet too short!*

A low moan rose up from the crowd collected below. Men looked into each other's faces, and spoke not. There was a deep silence, broken only by the roaring of the flames and the crashing of falling timbers.

What were Leicester's emotions now? The roaring of the flames became more and more loud; the room grew suffocatingly hot, while smoke began to creep under the door, and to curl about Fanny and Grace (who were kneeling in earnest prayer), as though it were a dim shroud infolding them.

Then it was—when all seemed lost—that the remembrance of a boyish piece of folly flashed across Leicester's throbbing brain. The window in which he stood was the very last on the third story of the west wing. Within two yards of it were the capitals of those Corinthian pillars that ornamented that angle of the house. Beyond them, on the south side, was a ledge, similar to that on the west, near to which was a massive water-spout. Below was a terrace, raised some twenty feet from the ground. Now, the ladder, though far too short to reach the window from the lawn, if placed upon this terrace would come up to a level with the window on the other face of the house; so that, if he could but pass his dear one and Grace round the capitals of the columns to the ledge beyond, they would be saved. His mind was made up in a moment. To remain was certain death, for the fire was crackling at the door.

"Do not attempt it! do not attempt it!" cried Deighton, as Leicester shouted to him to place the ladder on the terrace. "*You* could not pass round, and how can they?"

"I have done so for a swallow's nest," cried Leicester, eagerly. "Do as I ask you, man! it is our only chance."

"It is indeed!" cried a voice from the crowd. "God help them! it is indeed!"

Leicester looked down, and saw that the speaker was his father.

There was no difficulty in making the courageous girls understand the plan. The only question that arose between them was who should first brave the danger. This Leicester soon decided. Fanny was calmly courageous—Grace unnaturally daring. Upon the bravery of one he could depend as sure and lasting; he knew not at what moment that of the other might be quelled by the imminent danger. If Fanny passed in safety he would have no fear for Grace. With one hand firmly clasping her little waist, and the other holding on by the corner of the parapet above his head, with their faces to the wall, Leicester and his plighted bride passed inch by inch along the narrow ledge till they gained the summit of the pillars. Here there was a broader footing, and Leicester paused. "Rest a while, darling," he whispered; "we are half round, but the worst half is to come. Five minutes more, and, please God, we shall be safe."

"It would be so sweet," murmured Fanny in response, as he strained her close to his heart, "to be saved by you: but, oh! I fear! I fear!"

"Fear nothing, my own. Recollect Grace has to follow. Are you ready?"

"Quite—quite ready."

Still holding her firmly with one arm, while both of hers, widely extended, embraced the slippery wall, they shuffled—I know of no other word—round the narrow ridge, rendered doubly slippery by half-melted snow, dislodging the portions of moss and rubbish that had accumulated there, and which fell at every step they took, making it appear to the breathless spectators as if the narrow path were crumbling beneath their feet. It was a fearful moment; every movement had life and death in it; every inch brought them nearer to the one or the other. The nerve and trust of the fair girl did not fail her, and, moving along slowly and surely, as the first part of their transit had been passed, they doubled the angle and gained the terrace front.

Here Leicester had anticipated that all difficulty would have ended; but no. As Deighton stood on the top round of the ladder, his head was not quite on a level with Fanny's waist, as she stood in the recess I have mentioned. The ladder was still several feet too short. "Lower her down into my arms and I will carry her," said Deighton, who was scarcely to be recognized but for his voice. His hair was singed, there was a red burn upon his forehead, and his face was ghastly pale. Leicester trembled for Grace's senses when she should see him. "No, that will not do; you can not balance the weight as you are; go down a few steps and guide her feet as I let her down."

"Now, my darling," said Leicester, "kneel with me; do not be afraid; I have firm hold of you. Now try if you can find the top step of the ladder with one foot; Deighton will guide it—so—there! Now, can you put down the other and stand up? Cling to me, never fear; that's brave and well; now try the next step; can you reach it?"

"Not as you are holding me," she said.

He shifted his hold from her waist to her arms. She then gained the third step, and he only held her wrist. Clinging to the water-spout, he leaned over the ledge till Fanny had descended far enough to be able to grasp the side of the ladder with her disengaged hand.

"Now, darling, you must release my hold; go down slowly and steadily."

She gently returned his parting pressure, and, with a look of ineffable tenderness, murmured something so softly that he could not catch the sound, but, from the motion of her lips, he formed it into a blessing. Descending slowly, preceded by Cecil Deighton, she looked up all the while, with the same sweet expression on her lips.

She reached the ground in safety, was caught to her old father's heart, and a great shout of joy arose, but was instantly hushed when it was seen that Lady Grace had begun the perilous route so fortunately traversed by her friend. Grace had heard all the directions given by Leicester to Fanny, and acted upon them promptly and silently; but her dress, which was much lighter than Fanny's, clung and got caught in the masonry, so that Leicester had to leave her clinging to the wall unsupported for several moments while he disentangled it. They reached the recess, however, in safety, but Grace had not strength left to stand upon the ladder.

"Shut your eyes, Lady Grace," Leicester said, in as gay a tone as he could assume; "shut your eyes; trust to Cecil."

Kneeling as before, holding by the old spout, he lowered the now inanimate form till Deighton could fairly clutch his beloved burden without fear of losing his balance. He then rapidly descended the ladder, and Leicester knew from the shout which then arose that they had reached the ground in safety.

Maynard now determined on returning to Fanny's room, and, if the flames had not filled it, to save for her and Lady Grace as many of their little treasures as he could. There was a miniature of the mother of the latter, set in a bracelet, that he had noticed upon her arm at the ball, and which he determined to save at all events.

He soon found the miniature and Fanny's trinket-case, containing some valuable, old, family jewels. These he wrapped round in a blanket, and flung out of the window. He then pocketed every thing of value that he could lay his hands upon, indiscriminately, and taking a burst of flame through the floor as a hint to retire, swung himself round the pillars, and soon had his foot on the ladder.

Leicester had heard a great deal of shouting, but as that had been going on all the time, except when Fanny and Grace were in danger, he took no notice of it; when, however, he had turned the corner, he perceived, to his dismay, that he had too rashly disregarded the warning cries, for a volume of smoke and flame was pouring from a window directly below him, threatening destruction to the ladder, his only hope of safety. There was nothing to be done but to make a dash for it. He did so; sliding, as he had often done when a boy, astride upon the ladder. It was too late. He felt a flash across his eyes, a heavy blow, and then—nothing!

Then followed a great roar and crash. A myriad of bright sparks shot into the air, and all knew that the roof had fallen in. The flames, which for a moment were smothered beneath the falling rafters, broke forth again with redoubled fury.

But I did not desert those whose story I have so far told. By almost superhuman exertions the fire was confined to the west wing, in which it had originated, and the rest of the old house was saved. No one was lost, but for many a weary day Leicester Maynard flickered between life and death. When at last he had recovered from the severe internal injury caused by his fearful fall, he still lay in silence and darkness, and only knew by a warm drop that sometimes fell on his brow that one he loved was watching over him. His sight was gone! He had been blinded by the flames through the midst of which he had fallen.

One day when Leicester had awakened from a sleep, he pressed the little hand that seldom left his grasp, and said, "Guess what I have been dreaming of, dearie. I fancied," continued he, not waiting for a reply, "that I was watching the rebuilding of the west wing that you have been telling me about, and wondering whether the room we used to call yours will be where it was before."

"Not exactly, Sir Robert says; but it will be finished exactly in the same manner, so that you will scarcely see any difference."

"I shall not indeed *see* any difference," replied poor Leicester, somewhat sadly.

"You must not think or speak so mournfully. You have been very patient, dearest, hitherto; be patient a little longer."

"There have been very many 'little longers,' Fanny, but they have not brought what has been promised. No, dear one," he said, "sight has gone forever, and I shall never see your dear face again, save in dreams."

"Listen," whispered she. "As you *will* look upon the gloomy side of things, I will humor you, and take the same view. With all this sorrow, however, have we not much to be thankful for? It is almost a miracle that you were not killed upon the spot where you fell. Of what value do you think my life would have been to me with the constant remembrance that *yours* had been lost in preserving it! If it should be the will of God that human skill should fail in averting this calamity from you, have you not one to share your sorrow, whose life will be devoted to comforting you, to minister to your every wish? One whose eyes shall see for you faithfully and truly; one whose very being belongs to you? Will not my love abate *some* part, at least, of the misfortunes you dread?"

Leicester told her that it could not be; that the sacrifice was far too great; that he had thought of this, and dreaded the time when it must come forth; that he must bear his calamity *alone!*

"You know not what you are doing," replied Fanny, vehemently. "Sacrifice!" and her tone changed almost to bitterness. "Is the exercise of a love which the everyday monotony of a cold world chains down fruitless in one's heart a sacrifice? Oh, Leicester! when you cease to love me, speak those words again. Sacrifice! would you—oh! but hush! How wrong I have been, how thoughtless, how selfish! Hush! you must indeed not speak again. I have been sadly imprudent. You must be calm. If you attempt to speak, I will go. You must obey *me* now."

Days and nights were alike to the blind man; but I think it was about every fourth day that a strange step entered his room, and a strange hand removed the bandages, and examined his eyes. The lids were so swollen and blistered by the flames, which had burst forth full in his face, that they had remained closed. On one of those days Leicester felt the lid gently raised, and the great oculist, after a close scrutiny and a lengthened pause, whispered in Fanny's ear, "I wish you joy, young lady; his eyes are safe."

They *are* perfectly safe. Leicester Maynard may have arrived at the dignity of spectacles a little before his time, and his handsome face have one more honorable scar upon it; but what of that?

The Lady Grace and Cecil Dayton, Fanny Eglinton and Leicester Maynard, were married on the same day.

PAID FOR YESTERDAY.

THE scene opens in a dentist's room in the West End of London. Mr. Filey was a fashionable dentist, with an exceedingly, what is called, gentlemanly appearance. You might have taken him for a baronet, and so might I. A carriage drove up to the house, and a lady carefully attired—West-End Costume, and some of those women do look very captivating. She inquired for Mr. Filey. That gentleman made his bow.

"Mr. Filey," she said, "I have come to you on a sad case." She sighed. Of course Mr. Filey was full of sympathy—in his aspect, at all events.

"Yes," she said, "it is very sad. You are great in teeth, Mr. Filey. Do you remember me years ago?"

Mr. Filey begged to be excused his forgetfulness, attributing it to his extended practice.

"Ah! I was then younger, Mr. Filey. I am now, as my card will have shown you, Lady Spriggs."

Mr. Filey bowed to the title.

"I have a nephew, Mr. Filey; the heir to a vast property. He has but one defect—his teeth! Oh! the trouble those teeth have given us! His timidity is such that he will never now approach a dentist's shop—I mean house, and we are at our wit's ends what to do with him. Do you think that if I contrived to lure him here, Mr. Filey, that you could so manage as to remove one or two of his—I think you call them grinders—without his being aware of it?"

The proposition was rather startling, but Mr. Filey was an old hand, and an able.

He said he had no doubt that, if he had the young gentleman there, he would extract the teeth, and he should hardly know any thing of it—so delicate and sudden would be the manipulation—till it was over.

"That will do," said the lady. "You will eternally oblige his family, Mr. Filey, and deeply shall I feel indebted to you, believe me. I will take the liberty of paying you in advance, if you please. May I know what it will be?"

She drew forth her purse, and paid the sum Mr. Filey thought fit to demand.

Arrangements were then made that the young gentleman should call on the morrow, at two o'clock P.M., precisely. Every device not to alarm his sensitiveness in the matter of his teeth was promised by Mr. Filey, who was forewarned that the young gentleman was eccentric, and dressed not quite in the fashion—in fact, commonly; so that, unless you knew it, you would not presume him to be heir to a vast estate.

The scene closes on Mr. Filey bowing the lady into her carriage.

Act the Second, displays a jeweler's shop. West End. Messrs. Spitchcock & Co. A lady alights from her carriage, and enters. She desires to see some jewelry. A diadem set with diamonds fixes her eye. Her taste is pleased by a beautiful bracelet, and a pair of ruby ear-rings which suit her complexion, she thinks. She is assured that they suit her admirably. She hands her card—Lady Spriggs; at present residing at Mr. Filey's.

"You know Mr. Filey, the dentist?"

"Very well, indeed," she is told, "and Sir Sampson also, by name."

She then desires them to make out their bill, and tell her the amount of her purchases. Four hundred odd pounds the bill amounted to. And the shopman wasn't astonished! But what a country this is, where women can lavish money on gimcracks—as I tell my wife. However! the lady said she would be infinitely obliged to them, if, within half an hour—that was, by two o'clock, precisely, and not a moment later—they would pack up the things, and dispatch them and the bill, by one of their young men, to Mr. Filey's, where Sir Sampson, her husband, would write out a check, and liquidate the debt. Some woman's rigmarole, I suppose. However! the request was readily assented to. She departed, and the scene closes with her being bowed into her carriage a second time.

Act the Third. A young man with parcel calls at two o'clock, precisely, that afternoon, at Mr. Filey's, and asks to see Sir Sampson Spriggs.

"Her ladyship is within," says the page.

The young man says she will do. He is ushered into a room where he sees the lady.

Well, the lady affably took the parcel from the young man, and said:

"I will take it to show my husband up stairs. He will be with you in five minutes and hand you the check. You will excuse me? I must first satisfy him of the necessity I have for the articles."

Of course the poor fellow thought that all was fair and straightforward. He said he would be happy to wait. He took a chair.

Well. He waited. The minute hands of the clock went round. He waited on. Before he had time to feel uncomfortable in his mind the door opened, and a gentleman walked in who bowed to him and made his mind quite easy.

"I brought the things," said the young man; "and am waiting—"

"To see me," said Mr. Filey, admiring the stratagem of the lady immensely. "To see me. Yes. I'm aware. A beautiful day to-day, Sir? Rather sultry. May I offer you a glass of wine?"

Of course the young man didn't object. Ha! ha! You know how they used to prepare victims for the sacrifice!

Well. They talked. Mr. Filey said:

"Pray take a chair, may I ask you?" and the young fellow, warmed by his wine, was quite agreeable to any thing.

"Will you open your mouth, may I ask?" said Mr. Filey.

"What for?" says the young fellow, amazed.

"Oh, nothing!" says Mr. Filey. "I merely wished to inspect. The conformation of your tongue struck me as peculiar. Not that it affects your speech, Sir. Not at all. But pray allow me."

The poor young fellow opened his mouth. Ha, ha! He opened his mouth and gaped.

"Now draw back your tongue," said Mr. Filey.

No doubt the young fellow thought him a very eccentric baronet, but he complied.

In a minute one of his grinders was seized—caught in a vice, wrenched, twisted, pulled. Heaven spare us all the horrible agony! The grinder came out at last, in the midst of stifled screams, and, I'm afraid, curses. It came out, and the young man was guilty of an assault on the body of the dexterous operator. Mr. Filey went down.

"Where's the lady? Where's Sir Sampson Spriggs?" roars the young man, with his hand on his mouth.

"My dear Sir," says Mr. Filey. "You really—you *may* be eccentric; but when one is doing you a good, Sir—doing you a service—"

"Service," splutters the wretched young fellow. "Service to pull out a tooth when I didn't ask you!"

"Ask me, Sir," says Mr. Filey. "When I tell you it has been arranged by your estimable aunt, Lady Spriggs, and that it was paid for yesterday—"

"Paid for yesterday!" bawls the victim, starting back.

"This tooth, Sir, was paid for yesterday," says Mr. Filey, impressively.

"Lady Spriggs—my aunt?" exclaimed the confounded youth.

"Come, Sir," says Mr. Filey. "I think whatever your objection to part with it, you owe me an apology. I will not say, in due form. I expected caprice. But really such violence!"

The young man deliberately asked for Sir Sampson Spriggs, or the parcel of jewels which he had brought half an hour ago from the shop of Messrs. Spitchcock & Co., whose servant he distinctly proclaimed himself to be.

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Filey, "is there some mistake! Have I really?—on my honor, I—"

"If you will go up to Sir Sampson Spriggs and get that parcel of jewelry immediately—" said the young man.

Mr. Filey started.

"I won't prosecute you," the young man added, washing his mouth out with water.

"You are *not* the nephew of Sir Sampson?" said Mr. Filey.

"Don't laugh at a chap, after what you've done to him," growled the young man.

"There's a mistake," said Mr. Filey. "Sir Sampson is not here. It was an innocent stratagem—"

"Innocent?" sneers the young man.

"To get you to submit to the operation—Lady Spriggs—"

"Will you ring for her or not!" cries the no longer unsuspicious youth.

The bell was rung. The ready page informed them that Lady Spriggs had left the house shortly after her brief interview with the young man. By degrees the consummate confidence of Mr. Filey in her ladyship was melted and dispersed. He accompanied the young man to Messrs. Spitchcock's, relates his share in the adventure, and made, let us hope, something like due reparation to the poor victim of the cleverest piece of rascality I know of. The rest was in the hands of the police in London.

WANTED—A POLICEMAN.

EVERY body—that is, every body that is any body—knows the Café Talleyrand in Regent Street, London, how good it is to dine there, and how much better to dine there, if it be possible, at somebody else's expense. Most of us—for we all belong to the Upper Ten Thousand, I hope—have dreamy pleasant recollections of that Temple of the Palate.

We remember those little rooms upon the left, the passage with the aloe-trees in tubs on either side, and at the end, the Statue and the Fountain; the Salle itself—the *sanctum* of the Café Talleyrand—eighty feet by forty, those blissful bowers (adapted for any number of guests), the ring of peaceful steel, the silvery clash of transverse fork and spoon, the clink of crystal, and that velvet tread of the innumerable Ganymedes pervading all as sleep pervades a dream. What human voices one did hear there for the most part swelled the harmony—there "More Moselle," or, "Yes, some Curaçoa," had a certain music in them—but, now and then, a gentleman who loved good eating and (particularly) good drinking "not wisely but too well," would have to be "removed."

"The next time you want a dinner, Sir," our head-waiter would on such occasions remark to the offending person, "you will find it at the 'Cat and Pumpkin' round the corner, Sir; but not here, Sir—not here." If that gentleman could possibly have been any thing else than what he was, he would, I am confident, have been a bishop. There is a beautiful legend extant respecting this dignitary, who has been at the Café Talleyrand for three generations or so, which I will take the liberty to repeat, although it has been current for years, and applied falsely to chiefs of other establishments. A gentleman, still young, and only melancholy in expression so far as it is fashionable to be so, once stepped into the Salle d'Heliogabalus, and ordered a dinner; not a mere collection of good dishes, be it understood, but that judicious assortment of them which alone is worthy of that title. He was dressed to admiration; his hair and mustache were miracles of the art of the *coiffeur;* and his hands were whiter even than the waiters', though he was attended upon by two of the most gentlemanly of them, as a man of his distinguished taste deserved to be.

He began with *absinthe*, and concluded with a glass of *eau-de-vie;* and throughout the meal took the right wine in the right place, and plenty of it. The head-waiter was so impressed with his judgment that he actually came out of his bower, and took the last dish away with his own superlative fingers, and the dined person acknowledged the attention with a graceful bow. It was evident, however, that this excellent judge of what was good for him, had but an indifferent digestion—with such apparent inconsistency are the gifts of fortune distributed! for he sighed heavily when he had concluded his repast, and while he was imbibing his bottle of claret. Presently he touched the little silver bell—or the bell that looks like silver—which pertains to every table in the Salle d'Heliogabalus, and the waiter was at his elbow before it had ceased to tinkle. There was now a mournful indecision in the dined person's countenance, which, in a meaner man, would have signified something like intoxication, but it presently disappeared. "Bring another bottle of claret," said he, "and be sure that it comes from the same bin;" and the waiter brought it.

The gentleman had been four hours dining and drinking, when he was heard once more to sigh deeply and to tinkle the silver bell again.

"Waiter," said he, languidly, but with that politeness to his social inferiors that never deserts a real *bon-vivant*, though gluttons possess it not—"waiter, be so good as to fetch a policeman."

"A policeman, Sir!" replied Ganymede. "Most certainly, Sir." And off he hurried to the head-waiter to know what the strange wine was, of which he would not have had the guest suppose him ignorant for worlds. The head-waiter understood the difficulty at once. He procured the gentleman's bill—it was £3 17*s.* 6*d.*, as far as I remember, exclusive of attendance—paid it himself, and got it receipted.

"If I understand your last order aright," observed he, in his musical whisper, "you have no money about you?"

The gentleman nodded blandly.

"You have probably left your purse at home?"

"Alas! no; I have no home: I am a ruined man, in fact; but I have been accustomed to dine well, and was determined to do so once again before I was locked up for good: that is all."

"Sir," replied our head-waiter, with emotion, "I sympathize with you—you are a man who deserves a good dinner; and you must permit *me* to be your creditor upon this occasion."

Whether this best of Samaritans ever got reimbursed for that act of charity I can not tell; but if the esteem of all who know him can repay a man for a pecuniary sacrifice, I am sure that our head-waiter has been paid in full.

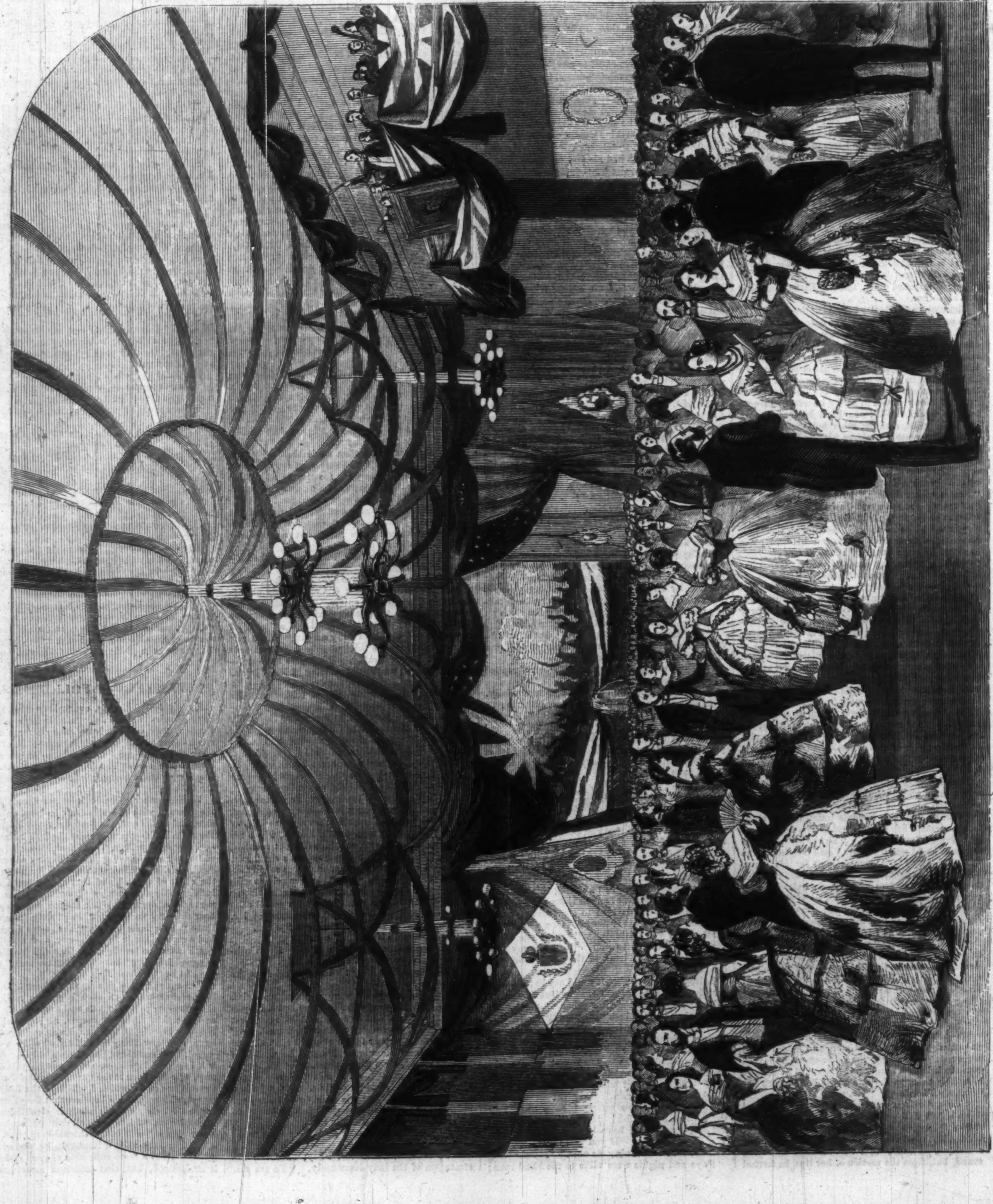
If the gentleman had taken the *eau-de-vie* first, and the *absinthe* last, it would, of course, have been a different matter.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

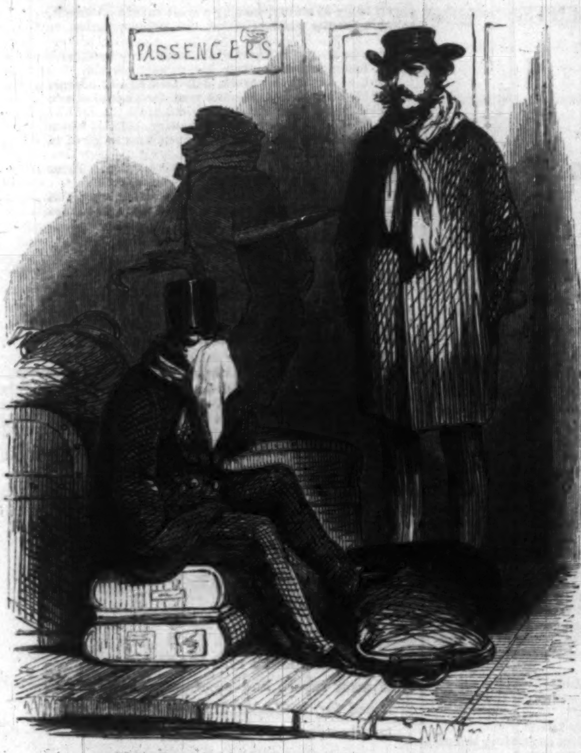
THE anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans was celebrated for the forty-fifth time at Tammany Hall, in this city, on the evening of the 8th inst., by the usual ball and banquet. Current political events imparted a peculiar interest to the celebration: the Battle of New Orleans being a Southern victory, and General Jackson being a Southern hero, while those who celebrated the day here were generally Northern men. We may remark that, notwithstanding the recent defeat of Tammany in the Mayoralty contest, the day was never kept with more enthusiasm. The *Herald* reporter thus describes the scene:

"The ball-room was very brilliantly illuminated, and the concourse of beauty and fashion, though not very extensive, was yet imposing and attractive. The walls were very handsomely decorated with flags and paintings, and ribbons of a variety of colors floated from every part of the room. The arrangements were very complete, and reflected much credit on those who superintended the exhibition. Prominent among other flags was the red cross banner of Old England, placed opposite to the free flag of America, in token of the disappearance of ancient and fratricidal animosity, and of the good time to come, when, separated yet united, they shall tremble in the breeze, as the representatives of the highest degree of human liberty throughout the habitable globe. The portrait of Washington of course occupied a prominent place, and in fact the hall every where bore marks of patriotic sentiment and taste.

"At about eleven o'clock the regular procession of the Sachems took place. Dancing was suspended for a moment, and to the lively music of the band the whole body of Tammanyites advanced into the ball-room. After making several circuits of the large hall, the leader of the procession, bearing a red cap of liberty surrounded by brilliant stars, came to a stand in the centre of the room, the whole company forming around him."



THE BALL AT TAMMANY HALL, NEW YORK, ON JANUARY 9, 1860, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.



"HE SAT DOWN ON THE LUGGAGE-PILE NEAR HIM AND BURST INTO TEARS."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT LITTLE FILKINS *HAD* DONE.—ALSO AN INSIGHT INTO WHAT HIS SUCCESSOR WAS DOING.

LITTLE Filkins, second book-keeper, had not been smashed, as appearances seemed to indicate, between the covers of one of the big ledgers. Neither was he—for I must do proper historical justice to the excited state of Cheswick mind, by detailing these painful rumors—immured in the specie vault by Mr. Green, in revenge for his having asserted that that gentleman was a muff, where day by day he grew thinner, and shrieked invariably for the help that would not come, biting the useless eagles and fifty-dollar pieces in an agony of hunger, thirst, and despair. Neither had he drowned himself in the lonely depths of the neighboring Lake Squilligochizzet; neither had he, which appeared the least improbable rumor, written a vow in his own blood, procured with a pin, from a large vein of the arm, that he would drink himself to death in a fourth story room of the Gold Eagle Tavern, hired for that purpose. Happily, none of these fearful rumors were true, though such were the combined nausea, mortified pride, wrath, and excited imagination of the people of Cheswick, that, had it been stated that Mr. Green, desirous to obtain the second book-keeper's place for his supposed friend, the new-comer, had commanded little Filkins to strip and jump down his own throat, which order the young man had been terrified into obeying and so put an end to himself, it would have been received as at least entitled to mature consideration.

But little Filkins, second book-keeper, though of no remarkable cleverness of brain, and rather wild withal, still had not kept books five years for nothing, but knew that, with pluck and a good constitution, Life, and not Death, came out, on squaring accounts, on the credit side. Wherefore, undesirous of quarreling with the many possibilities of bread and butter, to say nothing of moistening, which still lay strewn generously through the world for a heart pretty kind and stout after all, he packed up his baggage for the midnight train as soon as he found himself superseded by the fair-haired substitute for a partner, and went down to the station where, eight hours before, he had been carelessly awaiting the arrival, smoking, as he lounged, for want of thought. A little sullen at the loss of his place, and a little provoked at his dim perception of what certainly looked like injustice in singling him out for punishment, he paced up and down the moist platform, a small but noticeable object in the hush of midnight, behind paletots three deep, his head muffled in a shawl, his hands in his pockets, and smoking his cigar in quick puffs. The cars were later than usual, which did not add sweetness to his mood.

Suddenly, at the end of one of his walks, and just as he was about to turn, a tall figure opened the door of the passenger-room and stepped out, meeting him breast to breast. The ex-second book-keeper started involuntarily, as was natural at that time of night, but regained his composure, as the stranger spoke in a very gentlemanly manner: "Mr. Filkins, I believe?"

"All right," was the laconic answer of that young gentleman. — "Drive ahead."

"My name, Sir, is Ernest Beckford. I wish to have a few moments' talk with you, if you will allow me, before the train comes."

"Oh, it's *you*, is it?" rejoined the ex-second book-keeper, in a tone of extreme satirical commiseration. "Well, I'm sorry for you, but I can't help you. Want a little information as to management of affairs in your new place, don't ye?—Usual desire in the promoted—very usual. Under the peculiar circumstances, however, cool — decidedly cool. Desire any thing else of the man whose shoes you've stepped into?"

The young man, whom we, like little Filkins, will by this time have recognized as the fair-haired new-comer of the preceding afternoon, replied, with the slightest touch of sarcasm in his voice, that any information which the ex-second book-keeper might chance to possess would be more advantageously husbanded than disbursed, unless extreme exigency called on him to be prodigal; and then checking himself, as with a sudden sorrow at having permitted any irony to characterize his manner toward one naturally nettled by his circumstances, and blessed with no great talent for rising above them, he threw a cheerier kindliness into his voice, and said:

"Joking aside, I wish no information—none at least of the kind that you imagine. In several ways I can be of material benefit to you. You are out of your place at Cheswick Branch. I ousted you—as you say, I *am* in your shoes—I know that. That is unpleasant for both of us. I did not seek your place. The firm thought its interests would be best attended to by having me in it. So I came and filled it. But to show you how entirely free from all personal feeling we ought to be to one another, I have written a letter to the Messrs. Clingham, which will probably give you a good situation in the central house; you can be pretty sure of it, I may say, for I am not uninfluential with them, though young, having been a tolerably faithful servant of the firm. Here it is; present it as soon as you arrive."

This last was said with the manner and tone of one by nature fitted to command, and with such a Saxon directness and irresistibility that little Filkins, who, up to this moment, had been inwardly debating on the probabilities of his somnambulism, woke up, and stretching forth his hand, took the proffered letter, with—

"I'll be hanged if you ain't a dem foine fellaw! I didn't do you justice, Beckford. But it's all right now. I'll take your letter, and very much obliged to you too."

"You're very welcome. Now that's done with I've one more thing I want to say. If it seems a liberty, pardon it. I am not one of those men who purchase with a benefit the right to preach; but I hope the interest I have shown in your welfare thus far will be a proof to you that what I say now is as heartily disinterested. You're of the Wenham family of your name, I believe?"

"That's so! Lord! how did you know?"

"I have been in Wenham. Besides, I have known of you for some time. You have a *splendid* mother—as noble a specimen of the woman as ever lived! And two true-hearted sisters, beautiful, accomplished, and good, just coming out into the society they're so able to be the pride of. They are younger than you, and they have no father. Suppose now that their only brother should, all at once, turn straight about and be the *man* he can be—their ornament and support, and his mother's rejoicing every where?"

The three paletots on the outside of what was really the kind heart of little Filkins had been moving up and down tumultuously for some time like the study of a small earthquake, done in pilot cloth; and at this juncture he sat down on the luggage-pile near him and burst into tears. "Oh, oh!" sobbed little Filkins, dropping his cigar, holder and all, on the platform. "That's too much, that is! That's too much! Oh, oh, oh!"

Ernest Beckford continued: "My friend, God can help you to do—to be, all that is worthy of Him—of them—of yourself! That's right! don't be ashamed to cry; you couldn't do a manlier thing under the circumstances! Unless it is to right about face for your whole life, for their sakes and yours, immediately, before you leave this platform. There's the whistle, will you do it? will you be a free man from this night, so help you God?"

Little Filkins arose, and if he had been a great many kilometres high instead of only five feet five he couldn't have been more sublime than he was when, grasping Beckford's hand like a vice, he said, in a voice all husky and trembling but resolute,

"Beckford, I say, God bless you! I think *He* sent you. You've opened my eyes for the first time these five years. If I'd known you when I first came to Cheswick—'specially when I first fell in with that devil—well, I won't tell you who I mean, for I oughtn't if you don't know—most likely you will know before long; if I'd known you, I say, I wouldn't have broken *their* hearts, dear souls. I've done it for the last time, though. Hear me, Beckford. So help me God, I never touch that damned drink again!"

"God hear and help you! He *will!*" was the reply of the young Saxon, uttered with a hearty solemnity and cheerfulness. "Good-by! I shall wish to hear from you. Remember!"

So the train to New York bore away little Filkins through the damp, half-solid dark. But all besprinkled with the shower of cinder-stars that whirled in the wake of the rear car, that little object, just vitalized and made sublime by the strange new revelation to him of the manhood that was in him, stood on the platform gazing wistfully back at the tall slender figure by the station, and, when the curve shut out the last glimpse of Cheswick light, retreated hastily to a lonely seat among the sleeping through passengers, and wept again to find what true-souled men, after all, were Ernest Beckford and—little Filkins.

And for the present, this is enough of a hint what little Filkins *had* done.

But our chapter promised also to sketch a little of the doings of his successor. And here it is necessary, absolutely necessary, to introduce a woman.

The Banking House of Cheswick Branch, that is the outward and visible Banking House of stone and iron, was but partially occupied with the business-paraphernalia of Clingham & Co. As paying-teller Bradby remarked, late one evening, when his natural powers were assisted, it was a bank which was not all a bank. On one side of the front door (for it was a double building) all the first story was devoted to money-making, the vault beneath that story was equally given over to money-holding. But the rest of the house—saving a slight look of massive closeness and retention about it, as if the pecuniary character of the bank part had communicated itself to the whole, and none of the inhabitants could get out for an airing unless the very best paper on short time were presented for them at the front door—was a very comfortable family house indeed.

To most of the inhabitants of Cheswick, who looked upon Clingham & Co. simply from their financial point of view, and would have been as much surprised to have heard that any of the partners were actual human beings with a *heart* in them as to hear that same fact asserted of a patent safe, it was an unceasing source of astonishment that all the Bank building was not put to some sort of use; which meant that it was not turned into shops or rented for a boarding-house. But Clingham & Co., having a human as well as a patent-safe side to their nature, had for a long time been remembering, in his affliction, an old and tried friend of their free, untroubled, and as yet unmoneyed boyhood. John Manton, namely, who had studied with them, fought for them, skated with them, grown up with them; but who, falling while they climbed, now lived on them. Lived on them so far as this, that he occupied all of their Cheswick house, which was not required for business, and received a moderate salary for the unburdensome service, only laid upon him for the sake of his delicate pride of independence, of keeping things at rights about the establishment.

In Cheswick Branch House, therefore, now lived John Manton. Lived and had been living for twenty years, in which time the wife and the son of his youth had died, leaving him with one only child, a daughter, now at the threshold of womanhood, and beautiful. Nora Manton was not a shy girl—certainly not in the painful sense; but she need have been much more than merely not shy to have put herself in the way of those eyes which belonged to the juniors of Clingham & Co., Cheswick Branch. It was very seldom, therefore, that she passed under the Oriental languor of Mr. Bradby's gaze, or the eagle glance of Mr. Todds. The subs only knew her afar off—hardly near enough had they ever seen her to discuss her points, as all fine fellows do of women and horses.

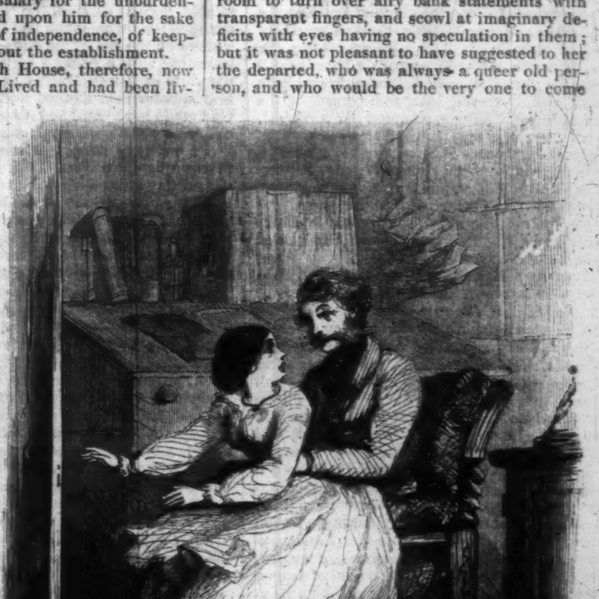
But in the evening, and when the little creatures who might have annoyed her were all gone, then Nora Manton came down in her beauty, and, breathing freely, roamed at will through all the counting-house, president's room and all, taking a delight in being familiarly among the tall solemn desks and heavy iron-nailed doors, which had been her mystery, her perplexity in childhood, as we all do in examining fearlessly any old awe of ours which has been detected as a humbug, and discovered to be nothing to be afraid of after all.

She was an imaginative child, this Nora Manton. For her all those heavy-studded doors had once been the barriers to countless Aladdin chambers, Ali Baba caves, and Huguenot hiding-places. Oh, could she but enter and gaze! And the desks—all of the olden make, with clawed feet and curling, carven rails, were veritable hippogriffs to her, who bore patiently all day the weight of ledgers and elbows, but at dusk, being released from the spell, flew leagues away into golden cloud-mountains across the sunset, and came back before midnight full of the shining pasturage on which they had been regaled—dollars for daisies, crowns for clover. And that was the way, so Nora thought, that Clingham & Co. made all their money.

At seventeen years and eight months she had of course become aware, poor child! how much harder it is to get money, and how impossible it is that there should be any such things as hippogriffs. Necessarily, these two facts, which are virtually the dismissal of the supernatural and the acceptance of the natural, characterize all coming out of childhood. But with her the change was only a partial one. She had lost nothing of that sweet faith, nothing of that love of, belief in, and sometimes communion with the intangible; she was one of those souls whom a painter must love to paint and a poet to write about all the time, though the critics should accuse them never so much of reproducing their own ideals—a soul that is the true, and the only true conception of exquisite womanhood—the child-woman.

Nora Manton had been making bread; for John, her father, ate no one else's on any consideration. She had been also darning his stockings; had played and sung all his favorite old tunes to the piano, from Robin Adair down to the most modern of all, True Love can ne'er Forget. She had then read him to sleep with stirring political articles upon the downfall of the country emitted in the Cheswick *Tri-Weekly Doubled-Fist;* and then, seeing that the last column of our liberties had fallen, and Mr. Manton's head and eyelids with it, Nora, knowing that he was good for one hour's sleep at least, left him on the settee before the grate, and sallied into the money territory for one of her strolls. There was one burner of the brackets in the counting-house that was kept alight all night, and this one was plenty of company for the young girl, loving, as she did, to nestle in weird shadows with which she could half-frighten herself, and then spring out of them laughing and singing like some of her own dream-land sprites on a romp.

There were two ways of entrance into the money department from the other portion of the house. You might go in by a door which opened into the superintendent's room from the parlor, or, passing through the common entry of the building, you could enter by the green baize valve which controlled all day the life currents of Cheswick's financial heart. Of late, whenever Nora visited the counting-house, she had taken the latter way. Not exactly because she feared to see the ghost of the well-known old Tucker, superintendent for so many years, returning to his former seat in the glass-walled room to turn over airy bank statements with transparent fingers, and scowl at imaginary deficits with eyes having no speculation in them; but it was not pleasant to have suggested to her the departed, who was always a queer old person, and who would be the very one to come



"AND, BEFORE SHE COULD STOP HERSELF, SANK INTO THE VERY ARMS," ETC.

back, if that thing was ever done, to push Mr. Luke Green from his stool. Then again there was something disagreeable in that room's associations with the living as well as with the dead. Luke Green was forty in body, he was also forty in soul; for he had never lived faster in his emotional than in his digestive nature. Luke Green was bland, paternal, by no means startling in his demonstrations—a very quiet person; but in spite of all these estimable and soothing qualities he had frightened Nora Manton. Why, how, exactly, she could not have told, but he always impressed her with a sense of danger. When he came, three years before, to Cheswick, he was very much the same person as now; but she, with all a woman's feelings, was a little girl in look, so Luke Green took her one day on his lap. She felt then as if he were made of a very thin crust, and got away from him as soon as possible, lest she should break through and find it very deep and cold down below. So the queer little child—children will be so queer every body knows—had always been afraid of him, and prolonged this dread into her womanhood. And of late days she had instinctively felt there was still more cause to be frightened. Luke Green had been blander to her than usual at the rare times when they met—had looked almost as if he would like to take her in his lap again. Women appreciate attentions almost as quickly, and read their meaning even better when they dislike than when they love the source. So Nora Manton avoided him scrupulously. He called on her father oftener than ever, but he never saw her unless in the street or at church.

So much—and pretty long it is, I know—for the reason why Nora Manton on this particular night, after she had seen her father safely slumbering over the ruins of his country, ran through the entry instead of the superintendent's room, and darted into the counting-room by the baize door. The gas was burning brightly as usual from the one burner over the cashier's desk, and in the light which it diffused through the wide, papery-smelling apartment, Nora went dancing and bounding with the first sense of free life that she had known that day. For she liked to make bread, and darn stockings, and read to her father; but those amusements could bear a little dilution with something else.

She had no playmate but herself, and yet, from a pretty long acquaintance with that one, she had acquired a familiarity, an ease of conversation with her that was very enviable. She climbed up on the cashier's stool and began soliloquizing,

"I'm a capitalist; I'm Mr. Nora Clingham; why, what a pretty name that is! Mr. John Manton, how d'ye do, Sir?—upon my word, the very man I want to see! Do you know that in balancing accounts with you yesterday we made a slight mistake in our favor? The Bank is in debt to you—let me see—just one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Leave it on deposit or take my check for the amount?"

"Check for the amount, if you please. I wouldn't trouble you, but I have to pay the first installment on my new Hudson River country-seat to-morrow, and I have only seventy-five thousand ready cash for the current quarter. Besides, I want to get a pretty set of mink—victorine, muff, and cuffs, all only $75—for my little girl Nora, named after you, Mr. Clingham. I ought to have a new coat for Sunday myself."

Here Nora stopped for a minute, looking very sad, as if Mr. John Manton had been twitting himself on facts—which I'm afraid he had—for she remembered how often she had brushed the shiny elbows of her father's veteran swallow-tail, and dampened them without taking the gloss off much, and the corners of her mouth quivered. But she rallied like a brave little woman, and changing into the person of the fabulous Nora Clingham, resumed her soliloquy.

"So you shall, my old friend! so you shall! Keep up heart, John Manton, my boy; here's a check for two hundred thousand; go get what you like and be happy, and if you want any more call around in the course of the afternoon."

"Oh, isn't it grand to be a capitalist! Every dollar's just a hundred little copper chances of making somebody happy! Oh, it's so nice! I like to be a capitalist so much!" cried Nora Manton, in her own sweet person once more. And she danced about among the staid old desks, as charming an incongruity as a valentine in the post-bag among notices of protest.

"What shall I do next?" said Nora, after she accomplished the *deux pas* to her heart's content. "Let me see—oh! I guess I'll be what I used to. I'll be a love-lorn maiden with great blue eyes: I shall cry a great deal, and shall wonder if there's any body to love me in all this wide world. I *do* wonder! Now I'll climb up on a high rock, all made of solid mahogany; this desk's the rock; and now I think I'm going to live there all the time and play on the guitar to the moon. But no; I'm disappointed, for there's a great dragon: of course, there's *always* a dragon; it's the kind of dragon they call a Todds, who comes to eat me all except one lock of brown hair, which grows up into a weeping willow, and says 'Nora' when the wind sighs through it—very sweetly, in a melancholy, plaintive tone. No! On the whole I guess I won't let the Todds eat me; but I'll suffer along for some time and come out all right at last. So when I see the Todds coming—and he's a frightful object I can tell you!—with crimson hair all flickering in the wind, and great green eyes like lily-pads that stare *so!* and he steals along slowly and opens his mouth wide and says, 'How d'ye do, Miss Nora?' and then I know he's going to eat me: so I give a little scream and jump off the rock where the Todds lives and come on to this one; but there's a kind of small lion called a Bradby here, and he wakes up and begins to roar. Dear! how scared I am! I must get out of the way as quick as I can: so I plunge down into this cavern of the sea among the mermaids. But—terrible! here comes that awful fish called a Filkins, with an immense long thing sticking out beyond his mouth; he isn't a sword-fish. Let's see, what is he? Oh, he's a cigar-holder fish, and now he swims this way; he has his eye on me! Help! I pronounce the mystic spell; I rise to the surface of the sea in an instant; and a good Genius in flowing robes—that's General Washington over the clock—commands me to fly to yonder bower where my true knight awaits me, to protect me, to love me better than his life, forever more!

"Oh, that's splendid! How well it does wind up after all! Pretty for *you*, Nora Manton; you, nearly eighteen! I don't care! it's splendid; there's nobody to hear or see me, and I'll do as I please. Mr. Green's room's the bower. I dance into it joyfully, making up this song that the birds sing with me out of the tree-tops as I go:

"More than all the stars above me
Does my true Knight love me—love me.
There is none like him any where!
  With love are his eyes full—
  They are two blue skies full
Of loving as sweet as heart can bear!"

So singing, so dancing, Nora Manton whirled in through the little glass door of the superintendent's room, which opened with a touch, and, before she could stop herself, sank into the very arms—not of the superintendent, Mr. Green, indeed, nor yet of his arm-chair, but into those of Ernest Beckford.

The first impression of having a beautiful woman in your arms is said to be in no degree painful. But when the reactionary feeling comes of not being perfectly sure that she likes to be there, I can not conceive that it is entirely agreeable. Ernest Beckford, arriving at the latter stage of sensation, gently assisted Miss Manton to rise; and for a moment they stood looking at one another. That was natural—would have been at any rate, for they had never seen each other before—this being Mr. Beckford's first day at Cheswick, and he having only an hour before come up from his farewell to little Filkins.

And this is what Mr. Beckford saw: A young beauty, of the middle height of woman, looking eighteen, with large deep-blue, almond-shaped eyes, Circassian in their physique and Saxon in their soul—two little rose-buds nestling lovingly, because they were twins and deserved each other's love, for a mouth, which was deeply dimpled at the corners, and was in all respects the sweetest, most expressive, delicatest little mouth the young man had ever seen; a discerning, tactful, clear-cut nose, whose character would have been spoiled had it been wholly Grecian, and not a little *retroussé* as it was; and hair of the middle shade between golden and the darkest brown. And the form of Nora Manton—oh, who shall do justice to that? No product of the Boarding-school Demon and the Imp of Dress-making was that glorious God-made harmony of delicious curves! Never had it known corset—never had it been bent into a serpentine over desks that loomed grim and ghastly through blue, thrice-carbonized air—never had it been braced into lath-like primness for a melancholy female-seminary walk, led by a Gorgon in silk mitts up Fifth Avenue to Twenty-third Street, and down Broadway to Union Square—never had its short, womanly waist been metamorphosed into a long, manly one; its full curves turned into lank angles, its pliable grace ossified, its human truth exchanged for a whalebone lie! Hebe, fresh from a sleep on the amaranth beds of Olympus—all-bounding with a godlike springiness—that was the form of Norah Manton. And she was the first woman that Ernest Beckford ever saw as God made her. And he beheld this divine work, and, like its Maker, pronounced it very good.

"I am very sorry you are here," were the first words that Nora Manton spoke, as she turned to go away, blushing very much, but still upright as one who is astonished, not ashamed.

"I am sorry, too—because it has displeased you. But may I ask why *you* are sorry?"

"I came here to be alone. I thought I was alone; and I did as I would not have done if I had thought any body was here."

"One moment longer, please. I beg pardon for seeming to detain you. *I* came here to be alone, too; but, as a gentleman, I should have withdrawn and left the whole place to you, but for two reasons. One was, that I feared to frighten you by coming into the counting-room to pass out; the other was, that after you began to enjoy yourself in that soliloquy—for I *did* hear it all, I own—I could not have gone away had I wished. You remind me so strongly of one I lost long ago—my mother—who had very much such an imagination as you seem to be gifted with, and who was also very beautiful. Taught by her, I have often made such a world for myself as you were making. Understand me, then, and forgive me!"

And bowing very low, the young man passed out into the counting-room, through the baize valve, and then—to Nora's great surprise, for she was not aware that any one but Mr. Green had access to the building from without after business hours—he put a key into the heavy iron door, turned its three ponderous bolts, and passed out, locking it again behind him.

The clock over the cashier's desk struck twelve, and Nora Manton passed her hand dreamily over her eyes, feeling a sort of half-wonder whether she was the same being that had entered the counting-room just after eleven. A strange, a thorough change seemed to have come over her since then—a dimly-perceived knowledge that was half-pain, half-gladness—though as yet she "wist not what it was."

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. Cxvii.] CONTENTS. [February.

COOS AND THE MAGALLOWAY.

Illustrations.—Valley of the Androscoggin.—Come to see the Circus.—Owner of a Meadow Farm.—Goodbye to Lancaster.—Dixville Notch.—Going up the Androscoggin.—Settlement on the Magalloway.—In Camp.—The Carry.—Lumberman's Camp.—Parmachene Lake.—On Camel's Rump.—Camp on Camel's Rump.—In Three Dominions.—Civilization.

ODE ON THE BIRTHDAY OF CHARLES WESLEY.

HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.—III. SAN JOSE TO CARTAGO. By Thomas Francis Meagher.

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THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

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FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Illustrations.—Home or Promenade Dress.—Closed Sleeve.—Fichu.—Under-Sleeve.—Collar.—Dress Cap.

The Publishers of Harper's Magazine have the pleasure to announce that they have made arrangements with the Author, by which they are to receive the Monthly Parts of Thackeray's New Novel, "*Lovel the Widower*," in advance of its publication in England. The First Part appears in the present Number of the Magazine. The Tale will comprise about Eight Parts, one of which, with the original Illustrations, will be published in each successive Number.

Anthony Trollope, the Author of the brilliant Novels, "*Dr. Thorne*" and "*The Bertrams*," will write, expressly for Harper's Magazine, a Series of Stories under the general title of "*Tales of Many Lands.*" The First Tale of this Series is contained in the present Number; others will appear at short intervals during the year.

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Rhode Island	345	Maryland	47
Connecticut	950	Delaware	3
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New Jersey	701	Tennessee	57
Pennsylvania	5,873	North Carolina	7
Ohio	5,608	South Carolina	2
Indiana	3,215	Georgia	6
Michigan	2,639	Alabama	3
Iowa	2,575	Mississippi	2
Wisconsin	2,154	Arkansas	1
Illinois	3,393	Florida	1
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